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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

ITALY AND HER WANDERING ORGANISTS, &c.
The Blackgown Papers. By L. Mariotti. 2 vols. Wiley and Putnam.
Italy, Past and Present. By the same. 2 vols. Second edition.

A NEW edition of Signor Mariotti's *Italy* is accompanied by another publication from the same. The various contents of the former, its historical, artistic, literary, statistical, political, and national intelligence, raised it into a just popularity; and the surprise of so smart an English style from a foreign pen, equal to verse as well as prose, added much interest to the original thoughts and animated views of the author. *The Lit. Gazette*, No. 1289, Oct. 2, 1841, described it as ranking "distinctly in the class of *belles lettres*," and otherwise spoke very favourably of it, as "well deserving of a library place in England."

The present work is of a slighter texture, and consists chiefly of pictures of Italian society and manners. These are set in an American frame; for the introductory fiction vividly describes a backwood settlement, and the story of a most accomplished personage persecuted to desperation in consequence of having nigger blood in his veins. He, however, happily marries a white girl, to whom he has related these tales. The last chapter is an English episode; but all between, as we have stated, is of or connected with Italy. The sketches are lively and characteristic; *ex. gr.* the following on *conversazioni*:

"Conversation is as essential to an Italian as the air he breathes. He is a fervid, imaginative, consequently an expansive being; as he is fond of, so is he eminently qualified for, society. He may often be, especially in the south, noisy and irritable, but seldom deficient in originality, *verve*, and amenity. The Italians do not, like the English, pair off in conversation; not even for the purpose of flirting, for that people never trifle with affection; neither for earnest love-making, for passion needs no words in that country. An Italian *salone* is organised after the rules which preside over the arrangement of a classical drama; it combines harmonious unity with pleasing variety; every individual has a part to act, from the protagonist down to the humblest *figurante*. It is an open arena, in which those alone who wish to shine engage in a tournament of wits. It is possible to frequent the same circle for a season without ever uttering one word; it is less important to be able to talk than to know how to be silent. Every circle possesses its professional talker, as notorious a character as the wrestler at Corinth, or the jockey at Newmarket. His fame is a passport to all company, independently of rent-roll or pedigree. The fire of such a man's kitchen needs never to be lighted."

"Of these distinguished individuals the company now assembled at St. Martin's could boast more than its ample share. There was the one-eyed Pinelli, a wag of first-rate abilities, with a joke leering from every wrinkle of his deep-furrowed phiz; there was the double-chinned Cavalier Polpetti, a consummate gastronomer, who could lecture for hours on ortolans and beccaficoes, till every mouth around, no less than his own, watered from sheer delight; then Marchese Bauli, the celebrated traveller, who had been twice to Rome, and spent one season in Paris, and could give accurate descriptions of every object he had come across, from the brightest jewel in the pope's diadem to the golden tassel in the cap of the conductor of the

French diligence; also the *avvocato Delle Quinte*, a vastly well-informed theatrical amateur—a haunter of the *coulisses*—rich in petty scandal and anecdotes of the green-room—proud of his having thrice been hissed off the stage, where he had unwittingly tarried after the raising of the curtain—vain of a precious relic in his possession, being nothing less than the very garter dropped on the stage by Pasta in her superb costume of Anna Bolena. Besides these highly-gifted personages might be described in the crowd the long and lank *improvisatore*, with his unmistakable hungry look, with very long hands projecting from very short sleeves; the droning *seccatore*, the bore of the company, with head be-wigged, and ears stuffed, as deaf and dull as nature and art could make him; the shrinking *placca*; the bashful dummy, evidently in quest of a talker; and the dreaded *ciarlone*, the everlasting prosier ever at a loss for a listener.

"All these choice spirits, however, each of whom might be entitled to shine in circles of minor pretensions, were in the present instance overawed and curbed by the master-mind of their lovely hostess, the Consigliere's wife. Costanza Serventi, nata Fulchieri (for so she invariably signed herself, probably out of regard for her illustrious family), was one of the rarest models of feminine grace, tact, and amiability. She had talent sufficient for a whole community, and consequently could brook not only no rival, but even no sharer of empire. Ladies' company was seldom or never admitted at her house. She had no tenderness for those of her sex, and shammed none. She would reign alone. She was sure to please, and to make every one pleased with himself. She had the great gift of conversing upon every thing and upon nothing. The secret of her success was written in every motion of her small, graceful person, in every feature of her beaming countenance. It was sympathy and pliability. Her taste and feelings, her very age and appearance, seemed to reflect as a mirror the different characters of the persons whom it was her desire to please. She captivated by identification. This talent of instinctive sympathy of course originated in an innate desire of pleasing. But the gentler sensibilities of feminine tenderness had turned to a good purpose even that wanton aspiration of womanish vanity; and those very charms, which might have proved so dangerous to the peace of inexperienced hearts, were seldom turned to any other purpose than that of promoting the happiness of all beings around; and her friendship had soothed more sorrows and healed more wounds than in her brightest career of success her coquetry had ever inflicted."

A notice of an Italian *fête* and dance on gathering in the maize-harvest, is equally clever and characteristic, though it may not get into the Corn-law debate in the Lords:

"The mistress of the house stepped gracefully up, and, leaning languidly on the proffered arm of the marquis, repaired to the spot which she was requested to grace with her presence, followed by the minor crowd of her twenty-one cavaliers, the sleepy husband dutifully closing the rear. The last faint streaks of lingering twilight had, meanwhile, utterly faded in the sky. The broad, full harvest-moon ruled alone in the bright-polished firmament. The dense vapours which had hitherto lingered in the western horizon, as if their only purpose was to cover the sun's retreat, had followed it, growling and threatening, in their flight."

"A Lombard word for a candle-branch, or sconce, hanging from the walls in a ball-room."

The remark of the Neapolitan ambassador, so disparaging to the credit of the English climate, seemed, in the present instance, no idle vaunt. The evening had little to envy the glare of the broadest noontide. The blessed moon showered down her chaste light in wide streams, invading land and water, lawns, forests, and pasture grounds, like a noiseless, universal, irresistible silver flood. It lingered lovingly on the grey ruins of the monastery, it gleamed weirdly through the painted glass of the few standing windows, it glanced daz-zlingly from the lead of the dismantled roof, it bounded glitteringly from the dewy foliage of the rustling poplar-trees. It softened the deep green tints of the luxuriant turf, it mellowed the rich hues of the golden stubble fields, it blanched the flushed cheeks of the heated country girls. As if in sad mockery of the glories of that heavenly illumination, a few links or *torce da vento*, stuck up on clumsy stakes, had been lighted around the well-spread board. Huge dishes of popular Lombard cookery, such as the *gnocchi* and *lasagne* before mentioned, and Milanese *risotto*, Genoese *ravioli*, and similar luxuries, were smoking on the table with hospitable profusion. At a kind of temporary sideboard stood the steward, filling the *boccali*, or mugs, from a large hoghead of the dark full-bodied wine of the district. The refined epicure, Polpetti, and a few other *blasés* from town, turned up their noses at this lavish display of coarse fare, but were soon reconciled by the appearance of a little *tegami* or stew-pan, containing a dish of *polenta e uccelletti*, a sort of beccafico pudding; and a few cobwebbed bottles of choice Pannocchia and Scandiano, the pride of the Appennine vineyards.

"This primitive feast, a kind of rural *agape*, in which all distinctions of rank were, for the moment, waved, was of shorter duration, and gave rise to less convivial uproar than might be expected from the footing of perfect equality on which the parties were met, and from the free application made to the no less bountiful than capacious hoghead. It was quite plain that supper was not the great object of the evening; for scarcely had large baskets of jet-black grapes and fresh downy peaches superseded the hot dishes on the snow-white table-cloth, when a few strokes from the blind fiddler were sufficient to thin the ranks of the unceremonious guests. The condescending lady of the manor was at no loss to interpret these symptoms of general restlessness. She rose, and, still hanging on the arm of the marchese, her *cavalier obbligato* for the evening, she hastened towards the centre of the smooth paved sky-roofed dancing saloon. In less time than it takes to describe it, full fifty other couples were likewise at their places; a gentle toss of the head from the lady, a clapping of the hands from her partner, and a burst of swelling melody from the orchestra, ushered in the opening *contraddanza*, a crowded quadrille, being, in fact, a kind of muster in which every one who intends to partake of the evening festivities is expected to make his appearance. After that first dance of etiquette, a variety of national steps followed in rapid succession, more numerous, indeed, and more complicated than I, at no time well versed in the mysteries of choreographic lore, could attempt to mention by name, far less to describe. First came the spinning *furlana*, a giddy whirlwind-like series of rapid turnings and windings, only meant, as it seems, to test the nerves of the spectators, not less than the brain of the parties engaged. This was succeeded by the stately and chaste *monferrina*, or Italian minuet, indigenous to the vine-clad hills of

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Montferrat, whose name it bears; then the voluptuous and grotesque *trescone* or *tarascone*, resembling, and yet more varied and graceful, and less gross and sensual, than the German waltz, which was perhaps only an awkward northern imitation of it; then *la piva*, a dance of fauns and satyrs, so called from the bagpipes by which it is generally accompanied; besides innumerable sets of reels and jigs, and other dizzy sports of the same description, which, whatever country may lay claim to their invention, have been equally naturalised in all climates, and are every where distinguished by analogous names.

"The first ardour of the revellers having by this time considerably abated, those noisy entertainments gave place to more ambitious and interesting games—figured cotillions, acted country-dances, the pathetic *Contentino dell'ahi!* the romantic *Regina d'Etruria*, and the *Cavaliere della Trista Figura*, with other performances in that style, half-comic, half-tragic scenes, interspersed with dialogue, song, and pantomime, traditional farces and buffooneries, of which it would puzzle the wisest to trace the origin, or to explain the recondite meaning. All this, however, did not come up to the riotous buoyancy of the most lively spirits assembled at St. Martin's Court. As the night wore on, the ball degenerated into a frolicsome carnival scene. Long phantoms, walking on stilts, and shrouded in blankets, stalked in gaunt and grim, breaking through the maze of the jaded quadrille. Gentlemen's coats-tails were pinned to the petticoats of their fast-clinging partners. Treacherous squibs and crackers lurked beneath the tread of the unwary waltzers, giving rise to great consternation, screaming and mock-fainting, by their sudden ignition. Frying-pans, kettles, and fire-irons volunteered their co-operation to the plodding orchestra, and turned the death-march of *La Gazza Ladra* into a hideous charivari. Finally, as a soothing to the incensed feelings of the much-annoyed performers, Pinelli, the wag of wags, called for—and his motion was instantly received with a shout of applause—'*La Contraddanza dei Ciechi!*' And certainly a more quaint and ludicrous scene than this same blind men's quadrille is not to be easily imagined. Each of the four poor fiddlers was led by the master of the ceremonies, with measured steps, and always scraping his instrument, to his distinct place in the vacant arena. There, bowing and courtesying to all the four cardinal points, and kicking up their heels as if the ground had been scalding hot beneath their feet, the four *débütants* started. It was sad and it was laughable to see how they grinned and grimaced, winking and leering from their dark, lack-lustre orbs; how the one wagged his fiddlestick, and the other hugged and fondled his cumbersome bass-viol with the tenderness of a warm-hearted dancer, while he blundered and staggered under its weight. It was awful to hear the screeching and grunting, the howling and growling, of those poor tortured instruments as one or the other of those drunken gropers tottered and reeled out of all balance and cadence at once. And as they met and knocked against, and all but tumbled upon each other, in the bear-like evolutions of that lumbering tournament, it was dismal to hear the scolding and cursing, and the half-muttered oaths, with which each of the creatures saluted his ill-mated partner. Finally, when the thoughtless youths for whose gratification that sorry exhibition was given, had laughed themselves out of breath, four of the prettiest country lasses stepped up between the panting and discomfited performers, holding up a brimming goblet to their lips, which, filled as it was with seven thieves' vinegar, had no sooner touched their parched lips than it sent them coughing and sneezing, stamping and roaring, to their seats. Long before the pranks and gambols of mischievous mirth had reached this stage of licentiousness, the soberest part of the company had singly disappeared."

The annexed is a curious appanage to these frolics:

"Casting the slipper in Italy is something very different from hunting the slipper in England. The game consists of a wager between the country-girls as to which of them can, lying on her back on the floor, cast her slipper from her right foot farthest above her head. It is surprising to see what a knack those *contadine* acquire of kicking up their *chaussure*, without exposing their ankles to the eager eyes of the beholders."

The second volume gives us Morello, or the Organ-boy's Progress, and is an interesting narrative relating to these dark-eyed lads, so common in the streets of London, with mirth in their looks, and too often sorrow in their hearts. Their origin is thus described:

"If you ask any of the organ-grinders about the London streets what part of the world he comes from, he will be sure to answer in his half-whining, half-singing tone, 'Eh, signore! son de Parma per servirla!' The probability, however, is, that he never saw that town, or set his foot on its lovely plain. He is a native of the Parmesan Appennines, as his image-selling brother comes from the mountains of Lucca. To that cluster of hills which rises between the shores of Genoa, and the level lands of Parma and Piacenza, to the upper vales of the Taro and Trebbia, of Magra and Serchio, the immense majority of these poor Italian vagrants belong. Their head-quarters, however, are in the Val-di-Taro, a broad and smiling, but sterile region, whose teeming inhabitants have been, by turns, a host of brigands, and a band of smugglers, and have now been systematically reduced to a swarm of beggars. On the road between Compiano and Bardi, on the very brow of the Appennine ridge, there spreads a wide extent of thin pasture-grounds, known under the name of the *Tavoliere del Pelpi*. Around this vast table-land rise the steeples of Terzegno, Bedonia, Sidolo, and other villages, whose denizens claim the right of feeding their flocks and herds upon that almost measureless common. The meadows, however, are covered with snow for six months in the year; and during that period the whole region is turned into a battlefield for the elements to run riot in. It was in the winter of 1830 that I first ventured into that district, anxious to wage war against the wolves, whose hungry howlings alone, at that time of the year, enliven the stillness of the dreary solitude. There I made acquaintance with one Teodoro Sidolo, a famous huntsman, as well as a land and cattle-owner of the hamlet of the same name. Each of those villages is inhabited by one tribe or family, bound by ties of kindred, and known under one common appellation, in a manner somewhat analogous to the Highland clans."

Morello is the son of this Teodoro, and his adventures the theme of the writer. His kidnapping is told:

"The systematic traffic of these deluded creatures had begun almost in my recollection. Soon after the peace of 1814, a few poor Swiss and Savoyard vagrants spread over the rich plains of Lombardy, exhibiting dancing bears, dogs, and monkeys, or playing on their bagpipes and tambourines, for the amusement of an idle populace. Some of the mountaineers of the Appennines either joined them or followed their example. Beggars of this sort increased to such a degree, that the Italian towns could no longer afford them subsistence. A few of the most venturesome sought their fortunes beyond the Alps. Throughout France and Germany, up to the deserts of Russia, and beyond the seas to England and America, they almost miraculously piped and drummed their way. England especially, the famed land of countless wealth, the El Dorado of continental adventurers, became their favourite resort. In some of the German states, the provident though arbitrary police ridded the country of the nuisance by a decree of summary expulsion. In England, the regulations respecting aliens were fortunately so framed as to offer them an undisturbed asylum. In progress of time, what had at first arisen from

sheer want or idleness of disposition became the result of villanous speculation. Vagrancy was encouraged and beggary systematised. Two or three wretches established themselves in Paris, in London, in St. Petersburg; they invested their paltry capital in organs, plaster-casts, and white mice; and set up, under the protection of the laws, in countries which had been foremost in the abolition of negro-slavery, as traders in human flesh. One of these scoundrels, and one of the most cunning and unscrupulous, was that same Biagio Pelagatti, a native of Borgotaro, and a denizen of the parlious of St. Giles."

The author meets Morello again at the benevolent opening of the Free School in Greville Street for these luckless and unfortunate children in London, on which he painfully remarks:

"I was invited to be a spectator of a strange sight. Messrs. Pistrucci, Mazzini, and other Italian gentlemen residing in England, opened a free school for the poor Italian boys. I was shewn into a mean-looking house in Greville Street, Hatton Garden. I listened to an affecting address delivered by the grey-headed but warm-hearted director of the new establishment. I cast a glance around, and beheld, with a blended feeling of horror and pity, the wasted frames and wan haggard faces of the ill-clad audience. It is only when seen *en masse* that one can be made aware of the life of hardship and wretchedness that those Italian beggars endure in this uncongenial climate. I could hardly believe that I beheld in those misshapen and stunted creatures the children of the bold and sturdy race I had so often seen vieing in daring and intrepidity with the wild goats of the Appennines. Whilst joining in heartfelt sympathy with my generous countrymen, who by so charitable an institution aspired to reclaim those miserable outcasts from their deplorable abjectness, and by a liberal education to rouse them to a proper sense of their dignity as rational and responsible beings, I could hardly help thinking that a little attention to their bodily comforts was perhaps as great a desideratum as the best scheme of moral and intellectual improvement; that feeding and clothing were a boon for which the objects of their charity would be more thankful than even reading and writing."

Of Morello himself we have a shrewd portrait: "The lapse of one year had added a few inches to his height, but the blight of rapid decline was already on his youthful countenance. The misery of the Italian organ-boy, like that of a Carolina slave, blunts and benumbs, whilst it crushes his soul. Morello seemed hardly aware of his suffering. He still cherished and blessed his master with a kind of instinctive dependence. He depicted his vagrant life as one to which he was already attached no less than inured. If he brought home eighteenpence in the evening, Biagio was all smiles and caresses. If he failed in scraping up that sum, indeed, he knew that he forfeited all right to his evening meal, even if he escaped a sound thrashing; but that could hardly occur twice in the week. Morello was a great proficient in the multifarious science of begging. He had acquired method and tact in his strolls. He had studied his way with a shrewdness which did great credit to his organ of locality. The map in his brain was dotted with golden marks, pointing out the situation of compassionate parlour-windows or bountiful area-steps. The little knave made himself punctual and assiduous in his rounds till he became almost a necessary visitor. His roguish leer, his humorous accent of distress, were absolutely irresistible. Few of his trade were ever more petted and spoiled by London charity. Early at daybreak he jumped from the straw couch which he shared with half a dozen fellow-mendicants. Unkempt and ill-washed, he groped his way from the thronged garret, his dormitory, and hastened down to the kitchen, where his *polenta*, an Indian-meal porridge, was smoking in an enormous cauldron, under the vigilance of his sour-looking *maestro*. After having scalded his throat with a few spoonfuls of that

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tasteless stuff, each boy shouldered his *mestiere* (so by antiphrasis they call their instruments), and was turned adrift into the London streets. The whole world lay open before them. They were only bound to make their way back some time at night with a certain sum (from one shilling to two and sixpence) in their pocket. Morello, as we have said, was tasked eighteenpence; where, when, and how he got it, was no concern of his owner. So long as the silver or copper was forthcoming, all went on smoothly enough between master and slave. The mendicant might take to the kindred trade of thieving; so long as he kept clear of the police, it mattered not. Happily, however, those wretched organists, though degraded, are seldom actually dishonest: even the surplus of their daily earnings is faithfully deposited in the hands of their grasping employer.

"Morello's excursions were usually to the most fashionable quarters of the west end. Down Holborn and 'stony-hearted' Oxford Street, he picked his way towards Chelsea, Brompton, Kensington, and Bayswater. Near the fence of the neat suburban love-cottage, under the window of the rustic ale-house, many a time I met him with dreamy eye and gaping mouth, lazily and listlessly grinding his instrument. Whenever he caught a glimpse of me, his music was brought to a sudden stand. He hobbled up to me, he blushed, he smirked, he grinned, he whined, and fawned upon his old acquaintance with all the lively, though speechless, fondness of a playful puppy. But, alas! the perceptive faculties of that intelligent creature were developed at the expense of his native innocence. The base cunning of the consummate beggar lurked beneath every fold of his dimpling cheek. He had already acquired a powerful relish for that kind of gipsy-like vagabondism which unfitted him for all useful and honourable pursuits in after-life. Every time I met him, his dress was a shade more squalid, his face more irreclaimably dirty, his manners more pert and impudent. The intercourse with his older and more wary companions hastened the work of contamination. I often caught him in the act of gambling away his master's coppers with some of his fellow-bondmen in their games of *la spanna*, or *la mora*, on the doorway of some nobleman's house in Portman or Cavendish Squares; himself the happiest, and always the noisiest, of the little group, though the result of an unlucky cast might lead to the loss of all he had raked up in his peregrinations, and to the horrors of a blank supper and a merciless flogging at home."

His promotion to be a lady's page, his reclamation and murderous sufferings at the hand of his savage *maestro*, and all his other changes, are detailed: the whole forming a real and instructive lesson of the condition of these mendicants, of whom more than a thousand are incessantly performing their weary round of the British provinces.

Remedies are suggested for the crying evils connected with the abduction and miserable fate of these children, which we earnestly trust will not be suggested without effect. A tale of Carbonarism will also be read with interest; and altogether we would recommend this work as one of much merit in its diversity of matter, and quite extraordinary as the production of a foreigner in the English tongue.

LADY HESTER STANHOPE.

Travels of Lady Hester Stanhope: forming the Completion of her Memoirs. Narrated by her Physician. 3 vols. 12mo. Colburn.

The question how much Doctors may publish about their patients, without offence to the implied confidence of their relative positions, has been mooted and severely commented upon with reference to the preceding portion of this work, as well as to other recent biographies. Whether they may tell the tale of their intercourse, with such reserves as they may themselves think proper, or are bound to keep all locked up within their breasts like

Roman Catholic confessors or gaol-chaplains, we will not take upon ourselves to determine. The public gains by laxity in the principle; but perhaps there is more of private honour in a strict adherence to it. Our remark is for general application, and we raise no argument on this particular instance, which is justified by a preface not altogether convincing to our judgment.

"On the criticisms (it observes) which were passed on the 'Memoirs of Lady Hester Stanhope,' he feels bound, in justification of himself, to make a few observations. Unacquainted with the motives which actuated the writers of them, the public will, perhaps, when these are explained, entertain a different opinion from what otherwise it might be led to do. Mr. Pitt, during his long administration, was surrounded by many coadjutors, who were raised by his patronage and favour to high places in the government. His generous nature led him to tolerate in some of them a line of conduct based on principles and motives less pure than his own. These men, in becoming the channel of advancement to others of an inferior class, created a host of followers, who thought it, and where they survive, may think it still, a party duty to support the reputation of those persons to whom they owed their advancement. Mr. Pitt's niece and companion, Lady Hester, endowed with a finer discrimination of character than her uncle, and enabled from her position as a bystander to take a just measure of the abilities and motives of those who seemed to be acting with him, could scarcely bear with the stupidity of some, the duplicity of others, and the baseness of almost all. Gifted by nature with a most retentive memory, so as to be able to compare men's actions and assertions from time to time, just in her appreciation of their designs, fearless of their anger, and a match for their ridicule, disclaiming all compromise with insincerity and vice, she aimed with an unerring hand the shafts of her disdain at all those whose vices and perfidy called forth her execration. What, then, must have been the rage of these persons, who, finding their patrons unmasked in conversations related with strict fidelity, had no resource left them but, where the narration was unimpeachable, to malign the narrator! All this is well understood by the higher classes of society in England: they may read the critic's vituperation, but they know why he is enraged, and they leave out his observations in the estimate which they form of the author's claim to their attention: but the mass of the public, who are less in the secret, pity the author, or perhaps even join in the ridicule against him. Let those, therefore, who are open to conviction correct their judgment and be undeceived. Let them be persuaded that, although the adherents of a Heliogabalus, of a versatile, or an insincere minister, a pompous lord, or an intriguing duchess, may for a time be successful in their abuse, truth at length will prevail, and the indignation of a noble-minded, upright, and virtuous woman, become matter of history."

We dislike the calumination of a whole class of the dead and the living, in order to point a bitter insinuation against one or two individuals suspected of writing a review: and we cannot be persuaded to set up the wild imaginative remembrances of the excited heroine as assuredly consistent with the perfect standard of fact and truth, whilst she is aiming the shafts of her disdain and the tones of her execration against all whom she chooses to consider objectionable for vices or treachery. We must have other sort of oracles to which to pin our faith; whatever the author may be disposed to do. But we must now look to these three volumes, which, it must be owned, are sufficiently elongated for the matter they contain. The first six or eight chapters are almost confessed to be surplusage; but from May 1812, the journal is stated to be regular, novel, and complete. The places visited have since that time been so much more explored by travellers and artists of every description, that much of the gilt is rubbed off the gingerbread, and

we find some difficulty in selecting quotations of interest to illustrate the work. The picture of the Drûzes, though doubtful, is not very flattering:

"Their enemies say that their sanctity consists in observing certain days of prayer, in letting their beard grow, in seldom or never being seen to smoke or to drink coffee, in studiously concealing from vulgar eyes their peccadilloes, and in withdrawing from public view to perform their devotions; which, add they, are most impure abominations, for they are grounded on a belief in the transmigration of souls, in nonentity after death, and in the lawfulness of incestuous cohabitation between daughters and fathers, or brothers and sisters. Neither do their revilers scruple to aver that they are idolaters, and worship the image of a calf. My subsequent knowledge of them leads me to subscribe to no such opinion, but to conceive that religious feelings, or pretended ones, lead some of them to a real or apparent sanctity, as in other sectaries and in all religions. And although no deity is too gross for ignorance and superstition, no mode of worship so absurd that sophistry cannot find arguments to accredit it, and no avenging power so imbecile that priestcraft will not erect a tribunal upon its terrors, still there is, in general, such a positive and indignant denial of idolatry from all respectable Drûzes, that we do not think travellers are warranted in propagating the report."

"There is a very prevalent notion among them that there are Drûzes in England, or else that the tenets of some sect (they mean the Quakers) are very much like their own. When familiarity had in some degree emboldened me, I said to Shaykh Kalyb, that as I had so often been told that the Drûzes worshipped a calf as a divinity, I supposed their religion was something like that of the Hindoos, who worshipped the same animal. But he assured me positively, that if that animal were sacred in their eyes they could not eat of it, which I very well knew they did; and that those who had said they had seen images of a calf among them must have been mistaken. I thanked the shaykh for his information, which I thought was as likely to be true as that of those who averred the contrary. But that I may not be accused of favouring the Drûzes—for whom I confess I felt a partiality—it becomes me not to conceal what was related to me by a Christian in great estimation for his learning on Mount Lebanon. He said, that during the incursions made by El Gezzar Pasha into the Drûze country, in which their temples and houses were ransacked, books relating to their religion had been found and carried to Acre. In one of these is the following passage: 'The Ansâry are fools, because they allow crimes to be venial that are not secret: from which it is to be inferred that the Drûzes hold what is done in secret to be lawful and just, even if it be what is generally considered as criminal. And this, moreover' (added the reverend gentleman, my informant), 'is conformable to their practice, in which incest, murder, and other crimes, have been committed very commonly where the proof of the commission was not easily to be made out.' It is certain, however, that when assembled at their khalweh, or megees, on a Thursday evening, the vigil of their Sabbath, after a time the jahel quit the place, and the âakel remain alone: upon which occasions some of them walk round the building, and take great care that no curious person be lurking near. Besides the Drûzes of Mount Lebanon, there are several villages of them in Gebel Aâly near Aleppo, at Hasbeyah, in the Horân, and at Wadytain, where they first settled, all which districts are to the south and south-west of Damascus."

An excursion to Palmyra furnishes us with an extract.

"The people of the village had talked a great deal to me about a cavern three leagues from the ruins, which contained, they said, several curious natural productions; accordingly, on the 18th, I joined a party who were going thither

to bring away alum, sulphur, and vitriol. The company was composed of thirty-nine persons, the greater part armed with muskets and matchlocks, to defend themselves from the Bedouin Arabs, should they meet any. They were mounted on asses, and carried empty sacks. The shaykh accompanied us, purely out of civility, as he said, to me (who had been strongly recommended to his care by Mahannah) but, in reality, to secure his share of the profits. The cave had been represented to me as extremely curious; the road to it is due north from the ruins, parallel with the chain of mountains which runs north and south from the castle until it unites at right angles with the White Mountain, at the foot of which the cave in question is situated. On the highest part of the ridge of this chain there is a Mahometan shrine, already alluded to, called Ebn Ali. Upon these mountains are found hyenas and stags, whose antlers, of which Lady Hester some months afterwards obtained a pair, shew them to be of a prodigious size. Under the santon's tomb is, as I was told, another cavern worthy the examination of the traveller. Nearly abreast of it, and about a mile distant in the plain, is the *mkatda*, or quarry, where the Palmyrenes obtained their stone for building. The rock is quarried with great regularity: several masses lie hewn as if ready for removal; and such is their size that they would exceed the power of common machines of the present day: they were of a pink-tinted carbonate of lime. Arrived at the cave, every one pulled off all his clothes, excepting his shirt and drawers. The mouth of it was perhaps thirty feet in breadth, and ten or twelve in height: it continued of these dimensions for a short distance, when two shafts went off in opposite directions: one of these we entered by a hole, through which we crept on our stomachs; for it appeared at this point to be choked up by rubbish from the falling in of the rock. We had with us rudely-made torches and bees-wax candles, brought for the purpose. The main shaft had been worked nearly straight, and was rudely arched; the depth of it might be from thirty to fifty yards. From it issued occasionally lateral excavations, but apparently of subsequent date to the principal one; and in some places the matrix of the rock was strongly sulphureous, for it took fire on holding the candle a while to it. Beautiful efflorescent crystals of plumose alum, resembling tufts of snow-white silk, hung from the roof in certain places, or jutted from the sides, but were too perishable to bring away. In parts a yellow clay, wet and plastic, was found. Portions of both the sulphur and the alum were collected by the Arabs, who sell them in the manufacturing towns for the use of dyers. In some places the walls of the cave were nearly pure argil. Thus the production of alum is constantly taking place in the cave, from the presence of the principles necessary to its formation; viz. sulphur and alumine. I likewise found some pieces of selenite. The heat was so suffocating that I could not remain in long. We next visited the shaft running in an opposite direction to the first two: it was less deep and more irregular. In this the roof caught fire wherever a taper was applied—an experiment I did not choose to see repeated a third time, for fear of suffocation from sulphureous fumes. The cave is of high antiquity, according to the tradition of the inhabitants, and probably coeval with Palmyra. It is well worth examination, and will repay the curiosity of the general traveller. The asses being all loaded, we returned in the same order in which we came. The 19th and 20th were spent in walking over the ruins. In the plan of Palmyra, so accurately taken by Wood, as far as it goes, the remains of the wall of Justinian, to the east and south-east, are not inserted. They are, however, very distinctly visible, running north and south, distant a little more than a quarter of a mile from the Temple of the Sun. This seems to be the quarter of the private residences, as there are few fragments of columns hereabouts.

"The inhabitants of Tadmûr are to be considered as natives rather of the desert than of the towns. They are the offspring of Bedouins; their dress is the same: but I thought the Palmyrenes were of a stouter make. With both, open violence or craft are considered as legitimate means for effecting their purposes. The men and women occasionally bathe in the warm spring. The women are celebrated for their comeliness; and it is not unusual for the chiefs of the Bedouin tribes to give a very rich dowry of camels and sheep for a Palmyrene maiden. It was remarkable that the women, in the month of January, wore only a shift, covered in a few instances with the woollen cloak, or abah: it is likely, therefore, that in summer they almost dispense with this slight covering. Their shifts are of coarse cotton, coquelicot-coloured, like Indian-silk handkerchiefs with white spots. They are fond of beads, and pride themselves on an enormous gold or silver ring (representing a coiled serpent) which is passed through the cartilage of the right nostril, and which, from its exposed situation, is often torn out. Some of these rings are three inches in diameter. They wear rings also on all the five fingers; likewise glass and silver bracelets and janglelets.* The lips, the cheeks, the fore-arms, the hands, and sometimes the feet, perhaps too the chest, and even the abdomen, are tattooed. They feed very grossly, but less so than the Bedouins: husked wheat, raisins, dabs, eggs, and sometimes rice, are their common dishes. They set pounded wheat to stew in a small-mouthed pipkin, or in a covered jar, all night, and then eat of it: this they call *bûrma*. They make *kubby* by pounding together husked wheat and minced mutton or goats' flesh in a mortar: this they mould into hollow spheres, and boil or fry."†

Hamah, Latakia, &c., were fruitful of incidents of travel; among which a midwifery-case might as well have been omitted. We conclude with notices of Bâlbac, where the author relates:

"I dined with Emir Sultan, a compliment from him which I did not expect, as the rules of the Metoualy religion prohibit eating and drinking from vessels defiled by Christians. Wanting to drink during the repast, I called for some water, which to the other guests was handed in a silver cup. To me it was given in an earthenware jug; and, when we had risen from table, this jug was broken by the servant close by the door of the room, that no one of the house might make use of it afterwards. I felt my choler rise at this unjust distinction made between man and man, but I pretended not to observe it. Why it was done in sight of us all I do not know, unless it were to remove the imputation which might lie at his door if it could be surmised that an impure drinking-cup still remained in his house. Twice, when I was on a morning visit to Emir Sultan, the butcher came, weighed his meat at the door of the room, and minced it in the window-seat before him, in order, as I guessed, to avoid all suspicion of poison, the constant dread of eastern potentates, or else to fulfil to the letter some precept of his religion touching meats.

"Bâlbac is an extremely cold and exposed place in the winter, but must, from the dry air of the neighbouring downs, enjoy a very salubrious climate."

We regret being so meagre; but our readers may believe that we could not help it.

* "Rings of silver, worn just above the ankle in the manner that bracelets are worn above the wrist. The bracelets and janglelets are generally one solid ring, not tight, but movable up and down. They are passed on the arm or legs, generally in youth, by soaping the extremity of the limbs, and by repeatedly rubbing them upwards until the rings slide over, where they remain until death, or until they are filed off; for they scarcely can be removed in any other way."

† "I learned here the composition of an excellent sweet sauce for hare, which was made by pounding stoned raisins in a mortar, and boiling or stewing them in chopped onions and butter, putting in the raisins when the butter and onions are first stewed. It is then kept over the fire for a few minutes, and is scarcely to be distinguished from currant jelly."

BRITISH FOSSILS.

A History of British Fossil Mammals and Birds.
By R. Owen, F.R.S., F.G.S., &c. London, John Van Voorst.

The well-known series of works published by Van Voorst, illustrative of the natural history of the British islands, has received a valuable addition by the completion of the volume before us. We hail with peculiar satisfaction this work on British Fossil Mammals; for, independently of the well-known reputation of Prof. Owen being a sufficient guarantee for the care and accuracy of the details contained therein, it is also the first complete summary that has yet appeared on the subject, and must therefore be highly interesting to the geologist, as well as indispensable to the collector of these fossil remains.

The ancient history of the mammalia of our island, connected as it is with so many other physical phenomena regarding their numerical proportion, affinities to existing forms, dispersion at different periods, and extinction from the surface, as well as the task to trace out the first appearance of warm-blooded animals, must always be a source of deep and important inquiry. Upon these points Prof. Owen's volume contains a vast mass of matter, arranged in a very clear and intelligible manner.

The most ancient mammals with which we are at present acquainted, viz. the Amphitherium and Phascolotherium, existed at the oolitic epoch, and are remarkable for bearing the greatest resemblance to marsupial genera now confined to New South Wales and Van Diemen's Land. But this coincidence is not alone singular; for in the adjoining seas are living Trigonæ and Terebratulæ, molluscs whose species abounded at the same remote period; and the recent Cestracion is an existing analogue to the Jurassic cartilaginous fishes called *Acerodi*, *Psammodi*, &c.

The position of the two above-named genera in the animal kingdom has of late years been a subject of considerable dispute, some naturalists having affirmed that their affinities are rather of reptilian than of mammalian nature. The pages devoted to their description are filled with highly interesting matter, illustrative of the structure and analogy of these rare fossils, and lead Prof. Owen to remark, that the cumulative evidence of the mammalian nature of the Stonesfield fossils reposes on structures which cannot be due to accident, while those which favour the evidence of the reptilian structure of the jaw may arise from accidental circumstances.

Passing over the curious forms of the lower tertiary series, our attention is arrested by the abundance of the remains belonging to the pliocene and post-pliocene periods, of which perhaps the mammoth is the most remarkable. The details given by Prof. Owen respecting the comparative anatomy of this animal, especially its dental characters, and the latter point as bearing on its adaptation to a Siberian climate (p. 267), are very interesting. The peculiar arrangement of the plates in the large grinders of the living elephant enables them to triturate not only the succulent portion but the tough vegetable tissue of the boughs of trees upon which they browse; and it has been safely inferred, that the increased complexity of the same principle of construction allowed the extinct mammoth to comminute the strong ligneous fibre composing largely the hardy trees and shrubs, with their frequent leafless branches, which formed the contemporary flora of the northern regions; and thus:

"We may therefore safely infer, from physiological grounds, that the mammoth would have found the requisite means of subsistence at the present day; and at all seasons, in the sixtieth parallel of latitude; and, relying on the body of evidence adduced by Mr. Lyell, in proof of increased severity in the climate of the northern hemisphere, we may assume that the mammoth habitually frequented still higher latitudes at the period of its actual existence. 'It has been suggested,' observes the same philosophic writer, 'that as, in our own times, the

northern animals migrate, so the Siberian elephant and rhinoceros may have wandered towards the north in summer.' In making such excursions during the heat of that brief season, the mammoths would be arrested in their northern progress by a condition to which the rein-deer and musk-ox are not subject, viz. the limits of arboreal vegetation, which, however, as represented by the dominating shrubs of Polar lands, would allow them to reach the seventieth degree of latitude. But with this limitation, if the physiological inferences regarding the food of the mammoth from the structure of its teeth be adequately appreciated, and connected with those which may be legitimately deduced from the ascertained nature of its integument, the necessity of recurring to the forces of mighty rivers, hurrying along a carcass through a devious course extending through an entire degree of latitude, in order to account for its ultimate entombment in ice, whilst so little decomposed as to have retained the cuticle and hair, will disappear. And it can no longer be regarded as impossible for herds of mammoths to have obtained subsistence in a country like the southern part of Siberia, where trees abound, notwithstanding it is covered during a great part of the year with snow, seeing that the leafless state of such trees, during even a long and severe Siberian winter, would not necessarily unfit their branches for yielding sustenance to the well-clothed mammoth.

"With regard to the extension of the geographical range of the *Elephas primigenius* into temperate latitudes, the distribution of its fossil remains teaches that it reached the fortieth degree north of the equator. History, in like manner, records that the rein-deer had formerly a more extensive distribution in the temperate latitudes of Europe than it now enjoys. The hairy covering of the mammoth concurs, however, with the localities of its most abundant remains, in shewing that, like the rein-deer, the northern extreme of the temperate zone was its metropolis.

"Attempts have been made to account for the extinction of the race of northern elephants by alterations in the climate of their hemisphere, or by violent geological catastrophes, and the like extraneous physical causes. When we seek to apply the same hypothesis to explain the apparently contemporaneous extinction of the gigantic leaf-eating megatheria of South America, the geological phenomena of that continent appear to negative the occurrence of such destructive changes. Our comparatively brief experience of the progress and duration of species within the historical period is surely insufficient to justify, in every case of extinction, the verdict of violent death. With regard to many of the larger mammalia, especially those which have passed away from the American and Australian continents, the absence of sufficient signs of extrinsic extirpating change or convulsion makes it almost as reasonable to speculate with Brochi on the possibility that species, like individuals, may have had the cause of their death inherent in their original constitution, independently of changes in the external world, and that the term of their existence, or the period of exhaustion of the prolific force, may have been ordained from the commencement of each species."

Independently of the scientific value attached to these fossil relics, it may not be generally known that some of them at least have become the objects of commercial speculation; for "the tusks of the mammoth are so well preserved in the frozen drift of Siberia, that they have long been collected in great numbers for the purposes of commerce. In the account of the mammoth's bones and teeth of Siberia, published more than a century ago, in the *Philosophical Transactions*, tusks are cited which weighed two hundred pounds each, and are used as ivory, to make combs, boxes, and such other things, being but a little more brittle, and easily turning yellow by weather and heat." From that time to the present, there has been no intermission in the supply of ivory furnished by the extinct elephants

of a former world; and we are informed by Mr. Warburton, M.P., President of the Geological Society, that mammoths' tusks are now imported from Russia to Liverpool, and find a ready sale to comb-makers and other workers in ivory.

In the introduction to this work many interesting questions are discussed connected with the former occupation of the extinct mammals, for a long succession of years, in the land now constituting Great Britain, as well as the origin of the fauna itself. The fact of a great abundance of these mammalian remains being associated with many species of fluviatile testacea in the deposits along the valleys of our existing rivers has not yet received from geologists the attention it deserves, as proving to an extent that many of the physical features of the districts have not materially altered since their entombment; and we are therefore glad to find Professor Owen remarking, that the well-preserved condition of many of the bones of elephants, rhinoceroses, and hippopotamuses, from our tranquil fresh-water deposits, concur with the nature of their beds to refute the hypothesis of their having been borne hither by a diluvial current from regions of the earth to which the same genera of quadrupeds are now limited.

Bearing on the origin of the fauna, the following paragraph is not without force, and naturally suggested by the preceding remarks, viz.:

"How the various members of that ancient fauna came into this island? The geologist, cognizant of the great changes in the relative position of land and sea which continued to be in operation during the pliocene and post-pliocene periods, will probably reply, that Britain was not insulated from the Continent when it received its pliocene mammalia; and the zoologist finds this answer to accord with the known powers and habits of those mammalia. It is true that the elephant crosses rivers too deep for it to ford; but it swims heavily and slowly, the head and body quite immersed, and only the end of the trunk raised out of the water. The hippopotamus has been observed to go a short way out to sea from the mouth of its native African river. 'The tiger is seen swimming about among the islands and creeks in the delta of the Ganges; and the jaguar traverses with ease the largest streams in South America. The bear also, and the bison, cross the current of the Mississippi.' But these facts seem to me to form inadequate grounds for belief that those animals could cross a tidal current of sea twenty miles in breadth. Still less can we suppose that the ponderous rhinoceroses, the hyenas, wolves, foxes, badgers, oxen, horses, hogs, and goats; the smaller deer, hares, rabbits, pikas, or even the aquatic rodents, could have reached this island from the Continent, if the present oceanic barrier had interposed. The idea of a separate creation of the same series of mammalia which existed on the Continent, in and for a small contiguous island, will hardly be accepted. M. Desmarest deduced an argument in proof that France and England were once united, from the correspondence of their wolves, bears, and other species known to have existed in this island within the period of history: the conclusion becomes irresistible when the same correspondence is found to extend through the entire series of proboscidean, pachydermal, equine, bovine, cervine, carnivorous, and rodent mammalia, which characterised the two countries during the pliocene period of geology. Thus the science of anatomy not only reveals the great fact of the former existence in our present island of the same extinct species of quadrupeds that co-existed on the Continent, but becomes in an unexpected degree auxiliary to geographical science; it throws light upon the former physical configuration of Europe, and on the changes which it has since undergone, and shews that the most striking of those changes have taken place at a comparatively modern period in the history of this planet."

On these topics, important as they are, it is not within the limits of our journal to dilate; that they

are an onward march in the right direction there can scarcely be any doubt, and must ultimately tend, as well as Professor E. Forbes's researches on the same points, to remove some of the difficulties which have hitherto beset our explanations of the causes of the extirpation of so large a proportion of our mammalian fauna as has become extinct.

The volume contains the description of eighty-two species of mammals and three species of birds, illustrated by 236 woodcuts, and must form a valuable companion to the already published work of Professor Bell on the living mammalia. We trust also some additional volumes may be devoted to other portions of the extinct fauna, so as to complete a uniform and comprehensive natural history (past and present) of the British islands.

RAMBLES IN NORMANDY.

Rambles in Normandy. By James Hairby, M.D. 4to, pp. 208. London, J. How.

ONE of the light-reading and prettily ornamented productions of the hour, which, mingling with the common transactions of Norman life, affords the reader a fair idea of what he would see and hear if he undertook similar rambles throughout the province. That the information is not of a very high value, nor the wood-pictures of superior workmanship or art, may at once be stated; but merely for amusement, the volume is lively and characteristic enough. We have, however, one remark to make in abatement of this praise; which is, that in the endeavour to amuse, an author should take care not to mislead; and we would ask Dr. Hairby, when giving us portraits and costumes, what he means by the effigies of William the Conqueror and his Queen Matilda, at page 141? Dresses rather later than the time of Henry VIII. would not be passed by intelligent children of ten years old in our better educated pictorial day, though every week sends forth its misrepresentations, besides those perpetrated in less ephemeral shapes.

But the Doctor's chief merit lies in his familiar descriptions of the natives and their habits and manners; and this the following examples, taken almost at random, will suffice to illustrate:

At Granville "the local fishing is carried on with spirit; from the 1st of September to the 1st of May, in 1841, there were thirty-eight millions of oysters taken. This I mention as a test of the vigilance of the Douaniers who very rigidly exact the octroi on them. Some allowance, however, must be made for a surplus number brought into the town which, no doubt, escapes official inspection, and finds a free passage into the stomachs of the worthy citizens."

"During the summer months Granville is much frequented as a bathing-place; and though there are posts to point out distinct places for the sexes, men, women, and children seem to go in pretty much together; all have dresses, however. To those who have not before witnessed the gambols of the French ladies in the water, the mode of bathing is very curious: they often form a circle, taking hold of each other's hands, and dancing or rather bobbing up and down in the water, without ever wetting the head, which is bonneted, for two hours together in the forenoon; and this amusement they will repeat in the evening if the tide permits. Nor is this excessive bathing confined to the lower orders, or to those in rude health. Delicate ladies and their children generally bathe twice a day, and remain no inconsiderable time splashing in the water. I have known some of them to bathe twenty-four times in twelve days; and it is by the number of bathtings—no matter how short the intervals of time between them—and not by the duration of the season passed at the sea-side, that they reckon, as did a Leicestershire farmer, who, having been advised by his physician to bathe and drink sea-water, went to Skegness, in Lincolnshire, and in three days bathed eighteen times, and drank as many quarts of salt water as it was intended he should take in a month. The dresses used are straw hats, oil-skin caps or coloured handkerchiefs

on the head, and flannel or cloth chemises and trousers for the body. I have heard of ladies using their husbands' neither garments (perhaps *more solito*) for the bathing costume, and I have seen one return to her lodging in the street, adjacent to the beach, arrayed in trousers, and with reeking garments fitting closely." This agrees tolerably with the account of Sylvanus (see *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1527).

Among the sights of a Norman fair "one was announced to consist of puppets and the apotheosis of Napoleon. I paid four sous and witnessed a long puppet tragedy, wherein Don Diego first murders his sisters, then his mother, and, as a grand finale, stabs himself in a fit of remorse over the tomb of his relatives. The showman and his wife supported the dialogue, which was in the true style of mock heroics and false sentimentalism; but certainly the correctness of enunciation and of language was much superior to what I should have heard at a similar exhibition in England. The deification came last: on the summit of a high pillar in the clouds stood the idol of France, dressed, as on earth, in a green coat, white breeches, long cavalry boots, and a three cocked hat on his head. To the right and left stood some of his marshals, bareheaded. The showman spoke to the spectators in words which I translate literally: 'Napoleon in heaven takes off his hat and salutes his generals.' And so he did; suiting the action to the words, he bowed, with the most condescending grace imaginable, to them all. Suddenly the stage became illuminated with a red light, and, as the Emperor was in the act of salutation, the curtain dropped. A strange scene in which the ludicrous and the impious were thus blended, a hero in heaven performing the part of a *petit-maitre*! Even while I write, the absurdity of the act makes me smile; yet I can never make a jest of sacred matters, or see them pantomimed without remembering the remark of Dr. Johnson, 'that it is a mode of merriment which the good man hates for its profanity, and the witty man for its easiness and vulgarity.'

On the condition of general society, the Doctor observes:

"The universal politeness exercised towards *le beau sexe* insures to any female the attention due to one—for example, an English governess, however high her attainments, is often proverbially treated amongst us by the vulgar-minded as if she were a menial, or at best, of an inferior grade. In French society her chances of mortification from the proud, the rude, the malicious, or the inconsiderate and selfish, are comparatively few. She is not made to feel that she is not one of the company, except by suzerainty. But when I mention the excellences, I must qualify my praise by saying, that to my taste, there is much chilling formality in the intercourse of French society, especially between the sexes. There is something of the burlesque, according to our notions, in the unvaried bowing between persons who meet, perhaps, every day of their lives. The salaam of a gentleman, going his round in a circle of ladies, and bending with solemnity to each of them in succession, with *Madame*, or *Mademoiselle*, '*J'ai l'honneur de vous saluer*;' or, in the most profound silence, while the objects of this homage hardly venture on a look of recognition, is perfectly incomprehensible to the untravelled Englishman; yet such is the prevalence of national habit, that no length of acquaintance would warrant a gentleman to shake hands with young unmarried ladies, if unconnected with them by near relationship, and scarcely with an old one, single or wedded, in public company. How incorrectly, then, would an Englishman complain of an inhospitable and freezing reception in a French party, if a degree of familiarity should not be extended to him by the company of either sex, which, according to their views of good breeding and propriety, is not usual among themselves. One of my young countrymen, accustomed to the frank and unrestrained intercourse which subsists in society between our unmarried gentry who have formed

intimacies and are on a footing of equality, feels himself sadly at a loss for a little quiet flirtation among the French belles, who are handed out to perform the movements of a quadrille or waltz in solemn silence, while the eyes of their mammas or chaperones are steadily fixed upon them, partly in admiration, and partly to be assured that the proprieties are correctly observed. If the gentleman meets one of his *ci-devant* partners bonnetting and shawling in the hall, on her departure, he dares not venture to accompany her home; the idea of offering an arm on such an occasion would be an unheard-of presumption—a terrible solecism in etiquette. The *bonne* and the lantern (if carriages be out of the question) are the proper guardians. By the way, even in the finest moonlight nights in summer, these lanterns, with two or three large mould candles, are on duty; they are talismanic preservatives against rudeness; and the fair pedestrian, thus lighted on her way, is as secure from insult as if she drove in her carriage, with two liveried footmen to guard her—no brawling rioter, no profligate, accosts any female who thus moves through the streets at night: so much cannot be said for our English towns. It is one of the evils of the system of rigid reserve among young unmarried people of the two sexes, that they have no opportunity of knowing each other's dispositions and minds; and marriages of affection are rarely made. Matrimonial alliances are usually formed by the parents, and generally from motives of mere worldly interest. If the principals find each other loveable, on coming together, there is unexpected happiness for them; if not, there can hardly be, in reason, any great disappointment: for domestic endearment is not anticipated as certain. Yet, on the whole, I am disposed to think there is far less of conjugal strife, or tyranny, or rude indifference, in married life among the French, in the upper ranks, than we hear of among persons of the same grades in England. There may be mutual coldness and dislike (I have no doubt that there is an incalculable greater degree of licentiousness); but the outward forms of politeness are observed most punctiliously; and this, in no small degree, is attributable to the excellent laws, by which the wife receives her own money, gives her receipts, and thus secures good treatment from her husband. She has an authority in the domestic arrangements, and this influence and power extends to her children; who, though usually petted and spoiled in a most provoking and absurd manner, treat their mother with the most dutiful respect; indeed, the self-willed, uncontrolled boy frequently manifests the most touching respect and filial affection for his mother."

At St. Hilaire "a curious kind of traffic is still carried on market-days, between buyers of hair for wigs, fronts, ringlets, &c., and the peasant women. The pedlars, instead of paying cash, usually exchange cotton handkerchiefs, worth from one franc to two and a half, or some other article of rustic finery, for the tresses of the fair sex; and any one who has seen a butcher or horse-dealer in a fair, undervaluing the animal which he is about to purchase, can conceive the affectedly contemptuous look with which the dealer in hair views the most silken locks that ever ornamented the head of woman; nay, if another 'Belinda' proffered hers to his examination, he would try to cheapen and underrate them. The despoiler passes his rude fingers in every direction through the luxuriant locks, depreciating the colour, texture, length, and every conceivable quality, and then, when his silly dupe accepts the price, he draws out his great shears, and remorselessly severs the hair, which he throws into a coarse sack;—and all this is done in open market, at mid-day. The only blush of shame felt is when a damsel is told that her hair is too short, and that she must wait another year to be cropped; or when the dealer clips off the precious locks, with the sleight and dexterity of a conjuror, before she has decided whether she will part with them or not: then, in-

deed, loud laughter rings around among the idle bystanders, when they see the tresses in his hand."

If we mention literary and historical recollections, legends and tales of the times, we have done justice to the varieties in a pleasant little volume, encouragement to which will, we trust, incite the author to go on with his *Rambles in La Vendée*, &c. as he proposes in the event of success with this his first essay.

MEDICAL.

Scrofula; its Nature, its Causes, its Prevalence, and the Principles of its Treatment. By Benjamin Phillips, F.R.S., Assistant-Surgeon to the Westminster Hospital. London, H. Ballière.

THE subject of this book is of the last importance to the public; and Mr. Phillips has executed his undertaking with a full consciousness of its responsibility. Medical books that are exclusively addressed to non-professional readers are rarely entitled to confidence. This work possesses the great merit of being thoroughly scientific in its treatment, and, at the same time, of being written with such perspicuity that the results (in which lie the main interest) will be universally intelligible.

The words *phthisis* and *scrofula* convey meanings of fearful moment. The latter is the presumed rudiment of the former disease; and there are many popular impressions in favour of the hypothesis, that the scrofulous child becomes the phthisical adult. The fact that this notion is erroneous, and the limitations within which some affinity may be assigned to these two states, are clearly made out by Mr. Phillips, who, wherever it can be applied, employs, as his most satisfactory line of argument, statistical enumeration.

The same authentic mode of inquiry enables the author to set aside another popular fallacy of no less immediate interest—namely, that scrofula is eminently an English disease. He shews that this notion is incorrect. He goes further, and assures us that he is warranted by the information he has collected, in asserting that there is no country in which the people are more free from the disease than England and Wales. Mr. Phillips also proves, by a similar process of demonstration, that scrofula in this country is much less prevalent in the present day than it was in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries.

Pursuing the same method of investigation, by reference to facts contemplated on a large scale, our author reviews the causes of the disease, and among them admirably elucidates that of hereditary influence, climate, and occupation. Some reasoners, who prefer building their theories from the ground to a careful analysis and improvement of previous views, may regret that they do not find in this book a more extensive assertion of startling novelties in regard to the treatment of scrofula. But we would have them remember that the author who gives a definiteness and precision which it had not before to our knowledge of a disease, gives also a definiteness and precision which they could not have had before to accredited remedies. This is, in fact, the kind of progression, sure and accurate, which the art of medicine peculiarly requires at the present day. We labour under a plethora of remedies, few of them systematised, and fewer still reduced to a specific application.

We earnestly recommend this work to the profession and the public. It is marked in every page by care and judgment; it dissipates many erroneous notions on the subject of scrofula, and establishes some facts of the highest importance derived from a wide basis of unquestionable evidence. The style is simple and plain, the argument every where forcible, and the scientific sobriety which prevails throughout displays to the greatest advantage the research and acquisitions of the author.

HALLIWELL'S LETTERS OF THE KINGS OF ENGLAND.

[Third notice.]

The letters of Edward VI. exhibit a singular character—a youthful sovereign, remarkably preco-

dous in familiar and experienced; mandated superior a very prince's first time the first the few the origin the young

"I give written receive in love is not ous, because more welcome; not welcome more obliged you me. My this my good par judgment you the well, my Harford, lar, In the extending tharine P

"We th acceptance for the lo you have but also more, we sh suspect ing mine not be tro of such m favour you require he trust with merely ret vide that which hath so provide befall, I sh and praise much inc From St.

We nex I, and we not feel int of that mo find a fasci they would to Scott's get. To g letters in t our journa tion. The earlier one

"My son perceive th although I dyed it; f from you ter as form by your fin book to you of wit that gers; not t and has fac

cious in talent and seriousness, investing his most familiar correspondence with all the gravity of age and experience. He advises instead of being advised; he corrects instead of being himself reprimanded: no Solomon in his wisdom could assume superior infallibility. Mr. Halliwell has printed a very complete and interesting collection of this prince's letters, and, with a few exceptions, for the first time; we might say that he has been absolutely the first to present them to the English reader, for the few specimens given by Sir Henry Ellis are in the original crabbed Latin. In this manner writes the young prince to his tutor:

"Prince Edward to Richard Coze.

"I give you thanks for the letter which you have written to me. This I ought to do, when I perceive in it such love, good will, and civility. Your love is great, and your good will free and generous, because you write to me when you have matters more important on hand; and your civility is welcome, for nothing can come from you that is not welcome. But when you write that you are more obliged to me than to the other lads here, yet however negligent they may have been I have only done my duty; because it is my duty to write to you. Moreover, I beg you to take in good part this my letter, for I should wish you to take it in good part because it has been done by my own judgment and labour entirely. May God grant you the wisdom of Aaron and of Samuel. Farewell, my most loving and kind preceptor.—At Hartford, 2d April, 1546. Your most loving scholar,

EDWARD THE PRINCE."

In the following letter we find him graciously extending his promise of protection to Queen Katharine Parr and her second husband:

"Edward VI. to Queen Katharine Parr.

"We thank you heartily, not only for the gentle acceptance of our suit moved unto you, but also for the loving accomplishing of the same, wherein you have declared not only a desire to gratify us, but also moved us to declare the good will likewise that we bear to you in all your requests. Wherefore, ye shall not need to fear any grief to come or to suspect lack of aid in need, seeing that he, being mine uncle, is of so good a nature that he will not be troublesome by any means unto you, and I of such mind, that for divers just causes I must favour you. But even as without cause you merely require help against him whom you have put in trust with the carriage of these letters, so may I merely return the same request unto you, to provide that he may live with you also without grief, which hath given him wholly unto you; and I will so provide for you both, that if hereafter any grief befall, I shall be a sufficient succour in your godly and praiseworthy enterprises. Fare ye well, with much increase of honour and virtue in Christ.—From St. James, the 25th day of June.

EDWARD."

We next come to the correspondence of James I., and we feel convinced there are few who will not feel interested in the truly characteristic letters of that monarch. Even the mere novel reader will find a fascination in them; if careless of history, they would find in them a supplement of romance to Scott's admirable romance of the *Fortunes of Nigel*. To give many specimens of really curious letters in this portion of the work would be to fill our journal, and reprint nearly the whole collection. The following may be selected from the earlier ones:

"James I. to Prince Henry. 1603.

"My son, I am glad that by your letter I may perceive that ye make some progress in learning, although I suspect ye have rather written than dyed it; for I confess I long to receive a letter from you that may [be] wholly yours, as well matter as form, as well formed by your mind as drawn by your fingers; for ye may remember that in my book to you, I warn you to beware with the kind of wit that ye may stye out at the end of your fingers; not that I commend not a fair handwriting, and hoc facio, illud non omitto, and the other is

multo magis præcipuum. But nothing will be impossible for you, if ye will only remember two rules; the one, *aude semper* in all virtuous actions, trust a little more to your own strength, and away with childish bashfulness, *audaces fortuna juvat*, *timidosque repellit*; the other is my old, oft-repeated rule unto you, What ever ye are about, *hoc age*. I am also glad of the discovery of your little counterfeit wench. I pray God ye may be my heir in such discoveries. Ye have oft heard me say that most miracles now-a-days prove but illusions, and ye may see by this how wary judges should be in trusting accusations without an exact trial, and likewise how easily people are induced to trust to wonders. Let her be kept fast till my coming; and thus God bless you, my son. Your loving father,

"James I. to some Nobleman.

"March 5th. Trusty and well-beloved, we greet you well: and whereas ye remember how that in late time we discovered and put to flight one of those counterfeits, the like whereof ye now advertise us. By this bearer we send unto you instructions suited for such an occasion, willing you leave nothing untried to discover the imposture, trying by any deceits ye can devise to expose the cheat, as I am sure no mortal yet living could last for so long a time with a small cup of charnigo; and whereas ye advertise us that she has been straitly guarded when as she lay so in a trance, I desire ye to see that those persons who do that office may be chosen from out of your own retinue, and by no means trust any who may be a leaguer or assister with her of her own sending; for we let you to wit that miracles like those of which you give us notice should be by all ways and diligently tested, according to what Agrippa says, 'Many there are now-a-days who sanctify and believe miracles, when it is past the power of man to test them, who would not have believed them had they lived in the time in which they are alleged to have occurred, and the more especially if they knew the people who had a hand in the manufacture of them.' It therefore becomes us to lose no opportunity of seeking after the real truth of pretended wonders, that if true we may bless the Creator who hath shewn such marvels to men, and if false we may punish the impudent inventors of them.

JAMES R."

It will be observed that in each of these letters James alludes to the impostures which were frequent in his reign. On this subject we quote the following interesting note by Mr. Halliwell:

"The ingenuity displayed by James in such matters can be well illustrated by two anecdotes, which I have taken from a manuscript history of Wiltshire, pp. 362, 363, by that old gossip John Aubrey, and now preserved in the library of the Royal Society: 'In the reign of King James I., one Mrs. Katherine Waldron (a gentlewoman of good family) waited on Sir Francis Seymour's lady of Marlborough. She pretended to be bewitched by a certain woman . . . and pretended strange things, &c.; that now she is coming to the house, now she is at such a place, &c. She had acquired such a strange habit, that she would endure exquisite torments, as to have pins thrust into her flesh, nay, under her nails. These tricks of hers were about the time when King James wrote his *Dæmonologie*. His majesty being in these parts, went to see her in one of her fits; she lay on a bed, and the king saw her endure the torments aforesaid. The room, as it is easily to be believed, was full of company. His majesty gave a sudden pluck to her coats, and tossed them over her head; which surprise (it seems she had some innate modesty in her), not imagining of such a thing, made her immediately start, and detected the cheat.' The other anecdote is of a similar character: 'Richard Heydock, M.D., quondam fellow of New College in Oxford, was an ingenious and a learned person, but much against the hierarchy of the Church of England. He had this device to gain proselytes by preaching in his dream, which was much noised abroad, and talked of as a miracle (see Sir Richard

Baker's *Chronicle*); but King James I. being at Salisbury went to hear him. He observed that this harangue was very methodical, &c., that he did but counterfeit a sleep. He surprised the doctor by drawing his sword, and swearing, 'God's woumes, I will cut off his head,' at which the doctor started, and pretended to awake; so the cheat was detected."

Here follows a letter from a king to his prime minister (1624):

James I. to the Duke of Buckingham.

"My own sweet and dear child,—blessing, blessing, blessing on thy heart-roots and all thine. This Tuesday morning there is a great store of game, as they say, especially partridges and stone-curlews. I know who shall get their part of them; and here is the finest company of young hounds that ever was seen. God bless the sweet master of my harriers, that made them be so well all summer—I mean Tom Badger. I assure myself thee will punctually observe the diet and journeys I set thee down in my first letter from Theobald's. God bless thee, sweet Kate, and little Mawde, to the comfort of thy dear dad.

JAMES R."

Well, indeed, may Mr. Halliwell remark that, "were not the originals of this and similar letters in existence, and their authenticity entirely beyond a doubt, one could scarcely believe that a royal and learned author would have been so preposterously silly." But poor King Jamie affords us excellent entertainment, and we will forgive him. We think no one with the superior talent and excellence which some writers ascribe to him could have composed such epistles as these; but at the same time we are altogether unwilling to fasten on his character all the stains which have been thrown upon him by more severe historians. His silly conduct and absurdities afford no substantiating evidence to his criminality.

¶ In No. 1529 of the *Literary Gazette*, May 9th, appeared the first portion of our review of this work; wherein we quoted the letter ascribed to Richard I., addressed to the Emperor of Germany, Henry V. when he was the emperor's prisoner, A.D. 1196, upon which (p. 417) we made the following remarks:

"Mr. Halliwell has committed a slight error in the address of this letter, as Henry VI. was Emperor of Germany during the period of Richard's imprisonment. The date seems also to be somewhat too late. While finding fault, we may as well say that the first letter in the volume was, in our opinion, not written by Richard I., but Henry II., probably in 1187, when the terrible news of the capture of Jerusalem by Saladin had just reached Europe. Montserrat should be *Montferrat*, a mistake made also by Sir Walter Scott, whose novel of the *Talisman* this letter well illustrates."

Since then a letter has been published, signed by Mr. T. Hudson Turner (secretary to the Archaeological Institute), in which our corrections are adopted, with a few equally trifling additions, and, we are sorry to say, urged in a spirit of acrimony which cannot but be disapproved in one literary man or antiquary towards another engaged in similar pursuits. Mr. Turner has boldly put his name to this concoction; and Mr. Hardy, of the Tower, appears as a coadjutor, charging Mr. Halliwell (as far as he knows) with never having made the research among the records in his charge, referred to in the preface. We think Mr. Halliwell's signature to that preface affords grounds for his enemies to offer this allegation; for though the plural "We" is used throughout, the signature at the end seems to individualise the statement. But this is taking advantage of a mere ambiguity. The collection was not made, nor pretended to be made, by Mr. Halliwell; and his "editing" could not imply that he must personally consult or inspect every document referred to, any more than if a literary man edited (for example) travels in the interior of Africa, he should be bound to visit all the localities! In the present instance it was the more discredit-

able to step out of the way to assail such oversights or errors as the ignorance of the Vicecomites being the Sheriffs of London (the single blemish, in addition to ours, pointed out), as Mr. Halliwell has already been as cruelly persecuted as any individual could possibly be. And it seems to us at the moment, that to blame him for not having examined MSS. in the British Museum is rather too gross in those who abet his exclusion from that Public Library, on an accusation which he is denied the opportunity to meet or refute.—*Ed. L. G.*

The Horse in Health and Disease. By James E. Winter. 8vo, pp. 376. Longmans.

A COMPLETE exposition of the subject, and an excellent guide to the practice of the veterinary surgeon, this volume comprehends the natural history of the animal, traces its affections and diseases to their origin, and teaches how to apply the most successful remedies. It is a book for every country house, be it landlord's or tenant's; and the most experienced of practitioners in more populous places will find much valuable information in its pages.

Bibliothèque des Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France pendant le 18^{me} Siècle. Par M. F. Barrière. Tomes II. Paris, Firmin Didot Frères. This is a well-written work, and brings into a focus of light a number of matters which truly serve to illustrate French history during the eventful eighteenth century. The memoirs in the first volume are those of Madame de Staël Delaunay, the Marquis D'Argenson, Charlotte Elizabeth, the mother of the Regent and daughter of the Elector Palatine, and the Duke de St. Simon; and the second gives us secret memoirs of the reign of Louis XIV., the regency, and Louis XV., by M. Duclos. It is a very interesting and piquant production; but perhaps nothing can be more naïve and piquant than the portrait of the before-named Princess Charlotte Elizabeth painted by herself:

"Je suis née à Heidelberg (1652), dans le septième mois. Il faut bien que je sois laide: je n'ai point de traits; de petits yeux, un nez court et gros, des lèvres longues et plates; tout cela ne peut former une physionomie; j'ai de grandes joues pendantes et un grand visage: cependant, je suis très-petite de taille, courte et grosse; j'ai le corps et les cuisses courtes: somme totale, je suis vraiment un petit laideron. Si je n'avais pas bon cœur, on ne me supporterait nulle part. Pour savoir si mes yeux annoncent de l'esprit, il faudrait les examiner au microscope ou avec des conserves; autrement il serait difficile d'en juger. On ne trouverait probablement pas sur toute la terre des mains plus vilaines que les miennes. Le roi m'en a souvent fait l'observation, et m'a fait rire de bon cœur; car n'ayant pu me flatter en conscience d'avoir quelque chose de joli, j'ai pris le parti de rire la première de ma laideur: cela m'a très-bien réussi, et j'ai souvent trouvé de quoi rire."

What a clever woman! Some notes upon the secret memoirs by the Abbé de Vauxelles are curious enough. He describes the famous Père de la Chaise, for example, as supple, polished, adroit, with a refined mind, gentle manners, and equable character; and remarks on the avidity with which Duclos picked up and dwelt upon anecdotes not always to be trusted.

Flora Calpenis. By E. F. Kelaart, M.D., &c. 8vo, pp. 220. London, Van Voorst; Gibraltar Garrison Library, Mr. King.

DR. KELAART having resided two years at Gibraltar as one of the medical staff has enabled himself to give these acceptable Contributions to the botany, topography, and general scientific features of that singular locality and its neighbourhood to the public in a form with which no fault can be found. The volume takes a glance at the early history and geography of Gibraltar, discusses its geology and climate, remarks on its prevalent diseases, describes the town, garrison, inhabitants, public places, caves, and apes, &c. and finally presents us with a

very ample synopsis of its botany, indigenous and cultivated. In this synopsis are enumerated "466 species of flowering plants and ferns indigenous to Gibraltar, and 44 species which are cultivated or introduced. As far as the extent of my inquiry has enabled me to judge, the 466 species indigenous to the rock may be classed under the following heads:

- 40 species generally distributed through Europe.
- 58 " natives of the south of Europe.
- 63 " common to Europe and Africa.
- 174 " common to the south of Europe and Africa.
- 13 " confined to Spain and Barbary.
- 96 " common to Europe, Asia Minor, and north of Africa.
- 13 " confined to Europe and Asia Minor.

Among these are 140 species common to Great Britain; 170 species are found to grow in Madeira (Dr. Lemann); and nearly as many in the Canary Isles; 160 species in Sicily; more than two-thirds in Malta; and, according to Seubert's Catalogue, 73 species are also indigenous to the Azores."

The notes state many particulars respecting these, of interest to the botanical reader; and indeed the information throughout is of the most satisfactory kind, though briefly penned; and a plan and views of the rock add to the completeness of the work.

The Industrial History of Free Nations, considered in relation to their Domestic Institutions and External Policy. By W. Torrens McCullagh. 2 vols. 8vo. Chapman and Hall.

VOLUME I. is devoted to Greece; vol. ii. to Holland. The masses of information sought out and arranged together, with a view to the author's particular purpose, shew extensive research and laborious consideration. After so lately following Mr. Grote, we are not inclined to re-plunge into the same stream for the sake of pointing out the political and commercial inductions of Mr. McCullagh; nor do we feel ourselves competent, within any available limits, to go through the progress of the Batavi, from Roman times to the present day. We can only say that we do not agree with his ultimate conclusions in reference to the trading superiority of the Dutch above all other nations of the earth. "Their consistent tone of liberality" is not very obvious in the Indian archipelago now, nor does history speak very loudly in its favour throughout the colonial world in bygone years. For a small country their enterprise has certainly been very great; and there let us end, without the waste of panegyric, which could hardly be sustained by facts.

Forest Hill: a Tale of Social Life in 1830-1. 3 vols. Bentley.

A NOVEL, of which the hero (and indeed a hero) is a native of New Orleans, or thereabouts; and the scenes pass in various countries, either directly or by description. The characters are numerous, and pretty well sketched; and the circumstances are turned to the inculcation of high and pure religious sentiments. On the whole, we do not find that we are deeply interested by the story, or the persons who figure in it; but, in the usual sense of such performances, we may truly say that readers may pick out a few hours' amusement from *Forest Hill*. We should observe that the style is frequently loose and indifferent; and that though the general tone is rational enough, there is an occasional piece of stilted or fustian which had better been omitted. The first fault, i.e. the ungrammatical, two lines will demonstrate: "this is neither the date of Lord Huntingfort's death, or of that of her two dear boys." The second will be made sufficiently clear by the winding-up account of the hero's vocal powers, after he had been chanting a little to himself in a quiet room:—"Mr. Verdune was still singing, when Margaret entered the room; and air after air, mostly in mixed dialects [a curious vehicle, something akin to medleys of morsels from fifty songs], but of wild and thrilling melody, followed each other in varied cadence[s] from the little hired piano, never thus eloquent before." From this exhibition we are assured that Marga-

ret's "imagination had given to these sweet sounds a vivid personality, unlike any thing she had yet experienced! for, brought up alone, the nature imprisoned within her had never before been thus powerfully appealed to through the medium of the senses"! But, to crown the whole, "Lady H. at last came in, and Philip suddenly ceased; winding up his [solo] performance by a burst of choral harmony, in which Margaret seemed to hear the voices of the morning stars, as, on the birthday of this habitable universe, they sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy: the rest had been simple music—this was a master-effort of the German school"! What a wonderful American vocalist this Philip must have been! If Lumley had him in Italian opera, or Bunn in English, he would be indeed an evening star, instead of a morning host, as paralleled in the novel, and fill the theatres to hear his singular choral harmonies, so like the creation of the world, and the perfection of German composition and execution!

1. *Railways: Rise, Progress, and Construction; with Remarks on Accidents, and Proposals for their Prevention.* By R. Ritchie, F.R.S., S.A. Pp. 441. With many Woodcuts. Longmans.

2. *Railway Surveying and Levelling.* By J. Quedstedt. Pp. 78. Relfe and Fletcher.

3. *Railway Conveyancing Precedents.* By H. T. Frend and T. H. Ware, Esqrs. 8vo, pp. 452. London, C. Reader.

4. *Railway Reform, &c.* By J. Troup, Esq. Pp. 39. Pelham Richardson.

THESE four publications are the offspring of the great railway-movement, and contain nearly all that can be said, 1st, upon their history, and suggestions for their improvement; 2d, upon their construction; 3d, upon the laws by which they are regulated; and 4th, upon reforms to set the public and shareholders in a better condition than they are at present. Nos. 1 and 3 especially are important and permanently desirable works for all interested in railroads.

The Priestess: an Anglo-Saxon Tale of the Early Days of Christianity in Britain. By the Translator of "Margaret, or the Gold-Mine." Pp. 308. London, Hatchard.

A STIRRING story of pagan temple-rites, priests and priestesses, Christian converts, and religious wars. The scene is in the kingdom of Northumbria and adjacent Saxon monarchies, and most of the personages are historical, including Oswald, Penda, Cadwallo, Bishop Aidan, &c. &c. The object is not so much to expose odious and inhuman rites, as to teach the mercy of Providence in planting us in better and more enlightened days. Like *Pericles* (of which we spoke perhaps too guardedly, for it is a production of high merit in its kind), we can justly recommend this volume to every class of readers.

Hebrew Reading-Lessons. 12mo, pp. 70. London, Bagster and Sons.

AN admirable little book, and too long overlooked by us. It contains the first four chapters of Genesis and the eighth of Proverbs, with a minute grammatical praxis, exact interlinear translation, and very carefully marked pronunciation, in English characters, of the Hebrew, accompanied by notes of quantity, syllabification, and accent. In the text, the serives are printed in open letters, and such as disappear in the process of inflection are given in small type above the line; so that the root of any word can be at once known. To produce good elementary books, much patient labour and care must be bestowed; and every page of this small volume bears evidence that neither has been spared here. The result is, one of the best introductory helps to an exact knowledge of Hebrew we have seen for a long time. For ladies who may wish to study the *lingua sancta*, we cannot conceive of a more suitable book. Its typographical execution, both as regards accuracy and appearance, is highly creditable to all parties concerned in its production.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

AMERICAN SENSITIVENESS.

Audi alteram partem has always been our rule; and the great difficulty has been not to be obliged to hear (and consequently bore our readers with) too much. A passage at the close of one of our Parisian Correspondents' letters in our last No. (p. 457, col. i. bottom) has provoked the following note from a partner in the respectable publishing American house of Wiley and Putnam:

"6 Waterloo Place, May 18.

"Mr. G. P. Putnam presents his compliments to the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*, and begs to call his attention to a paragraph in a letter from Paris which appears in the *Gazette* of Saturday. As Mr. Putnam supposes that such a condensation of scurrility, abuse, and falsehood, could not have been inserted with the knowledge of the Editor, he trusts to be excused for thus referring to it. It would be quite superfluous to suggest to the Editor what his own well-known respect for justice and courtesy will at once prompt, viz. a repudiation of so disgraceful a paragraph."

Now "repudiation" is with us a degrading and hateful term, implying, to a certain degree, the "selling" of your friends; and though it might tend to our ease, comfort, and profit, in the present instance, we are sorry that we cannot adopt the suggestion of Mr. Putnam. He has himself rendered it the less necessary, by meeting the hard language of our Correspondent with language as hard; and when abuse is so freely banded, we see little occasion to step in with the weakness of moderation, in the hope of allaying a literary Oregon question. The simple truth is, that we do not take upon ourselves to alter the opinions of any of the gentlemen who write for the *Gazette*. If they submitted to such treatment, they would neither be honest nor independent enough for our columns; and we would rather run the risk of some inconvenience in one way, than adopt a course which must destroy every chance we could have of truth and fact, without trimming or perversion, in the other. We therefore did not take upon us to alter the language of Paris in regard to the piratical plunder of English literature in America: it might be too general, and in that light too strongly expressed; but it would be wise in America to learn how much she has in many ways of late alienated European sympathies. Our own national sentiments, repeated a thousand times in these pages, are recognised by the new world, as well as the old, to be liberal and kindly. For ourselves, therefore, we would avoid the sweeping generalisation of the passage in question; but, on the other hand, we should not think it worth while to take it up literally as the condemnation of a whole country, instead of the only sense in which it could be intended—the condemnation of a dishonest portion of it, more or less numerous. But it is (as leading to such language), we think, much to be lamented that the United States, both for the sake of their British descent and their free constitution, should have recently given so much cause for severe reflections, quite as sternly expressed by the virtuous and honourable on the other side of the Atlantic, as by the wronged and indignant in Europe.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

DEAR SIR,—I quite agree with you that Mr. Lower may be wrong in his idea of the meaning of the final *cock* in surnames. A *cock* of hay certainly is a small heap; a *cock-boat* is a small boat (it has, however, a *cockswain* and crew); a *cock-horse* may be a little horse; and a child is playfully called "my little cock," but in all this appears neither "why or wherefore" favourable to the conclusion that *cock* means little. Might we not as readily assume that *harvest* had a similar meaning, inasmuch as the *harvest-mouse* is the Tom Thumb of his tribe?

Your elucidation of the *cock-and-cote* theory makes it too plausible to be easily refuted; and I think it receives corroboration, not only from

the fact that *t* is ever liable to "suffer a throat-change" into *k* (as in the additional instances of words into works; clatter, clakker; spirtle, spirkle; fluttering, flukker; rusty, rusky—common in the country), but in the abundance of such surnames as Grocott, Alcotte, Tidcot, Pincot, Woolcott (mark this last, and its cousin *Woolcock*, too), Prescott, Sandicott, Woodcot, Undercot, Northcote, and Upcott, contented-looking fellows all, unambitiously disinclined to give up the humble *cote*, and become *cocks* of the wood or walk. The *cox*, too, in such names as Coxhead, Coxley, Wilcox, and Philcox, seems as likely to be from *cotes*—the plural *s* rather than the '*s*'. Would "the vulgar tendency to pluralise" be readily applied to "*cock*," if an adjective, either at the beginning or end of surnames? This mysterious word has, however, other significations, which, if they do nothing else, may, I think, account for some of Mr. L.'s phrases. It seems to mean anything high, pointed, tending upwards, and, figuratively, triumph, conceit, &c. Thus, in the country, not only a heap of hay, but a knoll or hillock is sometimes termed a *cock*. We have also *cock*, the style of a sun-dial, the needle of a balance; *cocked-hat*; *cock-sure*, at the very pitch of certainty; *cock-loft*, and *cock-pit* (of a ship), one tapering upwards, the other downwards; *cocket-bread* or *cokeny* (an old term)—there may be reference here to shape rather than to quality; and all the various renderings of the verb to *cock*; *cockle*, to rise spirally, may also be of the same family; a *cockle-shell* (Fr. *coquille*) is ribbed or scolloped, not spiral; but the genus *cochlea*, or snail-shell, is both spiral and pointed; the term *cockling* is applied to a curled, wavy sea; *coculus* is a genus of insects with wings erect.

I agree with you that *cock-boat* and *coquereau* (and *coquet*, also a French synonym—whence, probably, *cocket*, the custom-warrant for the unshipping of merchandise—by *coquet-boat*?) may be connected with *coque*, a shell, not exactly from any likeness to a *cockle-shell*; for *coque*, you will find, has other meanings: it is an egg-shell, a silk-worm's bag (our *cocoon*), a pea-husk (a very pretty *cock-boat* for fairy Mab), and what is more to the point, the body, or hull of a ship—the deduction is easy—a boat is a hull, a shell, a *coque*, or *cock*. It is curious that the pea-shell, or *coque*, is termed "a hull" in Leicestershire always [and in Scotland]. *Coquerelle*, in heraldry, is a filbert in the pod. The form of the boat may be also in some way connected with the name, as in *cock-loft*, apparently so called from shape and height of position; and the *cock-pits*, fore and aft, of a man-of-war, similarly shewing, by their name, their form, or situation in the depth of the hull. The old terms *cog*, *cogge*, and *cogle*, seem also to imply a peaked tooth-like shape. *Cocula*, in archæology, is a small drinking-cup fashioned like a boat. *Coracle*—Is there really any connexion between this and a *cock-boat*, beyond the similarity in the names? It seems to be a very primitive affair indeed—cousin-german to the wattle-skiff of the ancient Britons. The Welsh fishers make it of leather or skins, stretched on a frame of wicker-work, and call it a "cwrwgle." Now, does not this very first syllable "cwr" (like the "cur" in currier and curry-comb) give an inkling of the meaning of the term? And to give the fancy free play, is not the remainder of the word "wgle" marvellously like the old "cogle, a boat?"—meaning, altogether, a boat made of leather or hides. *Cogle* may, however, be posterior to, and a corruption of, the Welsh "curgle." It is curious that a kind of East Indian barge is called a "*curricurro*," and the modern chaise *curricule*, whence is its name?

Cock-horse. The sloping position of the limbs in riding may have originated this term. It may mean set erect, or on high, as Leicestershire people say, "right a-*cock*," for "on the very top." Whether as noun or adjective, it implies (to me, at least) height, and, by a figure of speech, conceitedness, triumph, or the pitch of jollity—nothing

little! A child has for his hobby or *cock-horse*, now his granddad's old ash-stick, now his father's knee; but does this denote anything diminutive? On the contrary, the mammoth-horse of Mr. Hughes is the *cock-horse* of these days, only o'er-*cocked* by that treacherous monster that, with its bellyful of soldiers, was so fatal to brave old Troy—the *cock-horse* of all times past, present, and to come; a *high horse*—a horse of triumph indeed to the long-baffled armies of Greece! When a person is conceited, or domineering, we say he is "a-*cock-horse*, *cock-horse*, *cock-a-hoop*, *cock-a-hoy* (on high?), he rides the high horse, he is cockish, uppish, hoity-toity, all-a-hoop"—phrases all bearing a family likeness—some of them used in a pleasanter sense, to express excessive joy, exultation, mirth "fast and furious;" also the being "roaring fu" of John Barleycorn's blood—"up to the topgallant." Proud Chanticleer, "king of the midden" (in Staffordshire), with his arrogant strut, and loud "Io triumph" (vulgarly *cock-a-doodle-doo*), seems mixed up with this *cock-horse* affair. Whence got he his name? The phrase *cock-a-hoop*, I am inclined to think, is derived from the crowing of the triumphant rascal—his *hooping* note of exultation and conceit; although it is said by some to be from the *cock* (spigot) laid on the hoop, and the barrel stunned (as Staffordshire people say), i. e. drunk without intermission; and by others, from the French *coqu-a-hupe*, a *cock* with a tuft or comb. It is curious that some 200 years since, Evelyn (I believe I am right in the name), on his return from a visit to the coast of Kent, observed that on every high tree in the country a weathercock was placed, and on some trees half a dozen or more. On making inquiries, he found that on a certain holiday the farmers feasted their servants ["a long time ago" indeed], and these *cocks* were set up on high by them as a kind of triumph.* What holiday it was is not stated; but probably some relic of this custom may still exist, just as in the same county, in the isle of Thanet, the musical procession of "the hoddening" (apparently a modification of the old hobby-horse festivities) is, or was a few years back, still kept up. Why was the "Bird of the Sun," as an old poet calls the *cock*, placed on the church-spire, "hungering for the wind," terribly sharp-set? Has he, in common with the porker, the marvellous power of seeing the wind—a *clairvoyant* as well as a *chanticleer*? I think some old mythus or ceremony, perhaps thoroughly lost in the deep sands of time, is at the bottom of all this.

"My little *cock*" is merely a term of endearment, the same as "my little duck." Neither one nor the other necessarily implies an idea of littleness, without the preceding adjective. In the country, any jolly, ale-bibbing favourite is called "*cock*" or "*cokey*," be he three feet or six feet high: some even get a nickname, such as *Cockey Ross*, or *Cock Rowley*. Both the English and French languages shew many words, verbs, nouns, and adjectives (as, *cocker*, *cockerel*, &c.), implying fondness or indulgence—all of the same origin: none, however, favouring the idea that *cock* and *little* are synonymous.

Low Sunday may be thus explained. The fathers of the Church styled Easter the feast of feasts, the queen of festivals, and Easter day the highest of all high days; and to close this season of rejoicing on the Sunday after Easter day, it was customary with the early Christians to repeat some part of the solemn service of the grand festival, whence this day took the name of *Low Sunday*, being celebrated as a feast, though in a lower degree. Mr. De la Pryme says, "It is rather curious, that in the first verse in the gospel for this day, we find the words, 'when the doors were shut.'" This has nothing to do with the close of Easter; but, on the contrary, with the beginning. It refers to events that occurred on "the evening of the same day," i. e.

* And to frighten birds from cherry-orchards, &c.—Ed. L. G.

Easter day; and the doors were shut "from fear of the Jews"—a precaution taken at every meeting of the disciples.—I am, &c.

A SHERWOOD FORESTER.*

29 Providence Row, Finsbury Square,
May 5, 1846.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

May 15th.—Lord Prudhoe, president, in the chair. The Rev. E. Sidney, "On the nature and habits of certain minute fungi attacking the agricultural produce of this country." After briefly advertent to the importance of a more accurate knowledge of these minute destroyers of the corn and other crops, Mr. Sidney proceeded first to describe the peculiar characteristics of fungi in general, and then to the particular individuals of those singular parasitic plants which formed the subjects of his communication. A fungus was defined as a cellular flowerless plant nourished by its spawn or mycelium, living in air, and propagated by spores. The forms of fungi were shewn to be various; the simplest are composed of articulated filaments placed end to end; in a higher state they assume determinate figures; and, in a higher state still, have two surfaces, the one even and imperforate, the other separated into plates or cells called the *hy-menium*, to which the spores are attached by little processes mostly in fours, as in the case of all the *agarics*. Fungi belong to the *thallogens*, and seem capable of being broken up into five orders. Some are edible, others poisonous, others medicinal, and some are luminous. In analogous climates, and where the range of the thermometer is similar, there seems to be almost an identity between the fungi; so that we might draw *iso-fungal* lines on the surface of the globe. The only truth-like solution of all the speculations regarding their growth and propagation is that of the almost universal diffusion of their spores. They differ from lichens in several well-known particulars, especially that of generally not attacking matter except in a state of decomposition. Some, however, seem to attack vigorous plants, and even animals; while certain species may be looked upon, as far as we know, as truly terrestrial. With regard to mycelium, or spawn, it was merely the development of the spores of fungi, or of mycelium already produced. Some very remarkable specimens of mycelium were shewn by the lecturer, both in common and anomalous conditions. He then went on to treat of the peculiar fungi attacking first the cereals, then leguminous plants, then the potato, and lastly certain other cultivated vegetables. The straw of cereals is attacked by *Puccinia graminis*, and its joints by a small *Dipazea*; the leaves and chaff suffer from the *Uredo rutigo* and *Uredo linearis*, the flower from the *Uredo segetum*, and the grain from *Uredo foetida*. All these attack apparently healthy plants. The *Cladospodium herbarum* never affects any but such as are clearly in a state of decomposition. There is also on the Continent a curious fungus growing under the snow in winter, which destroys whole crops. The uredines in plants are analogous to entozoa in animals. It seems almost clear that they are propagated by the contents of the spores entering by the roots and circulating through the plant. Some experiments to this effect were described, and seemed conclusive. Leguminous plants are peculiarly subject to attacks from parasites. A species of *Dipazea* attacks peas and destroys them in wet seasons; but the common pest of peas and beans is the *Erysiphe*. Some beautiful drawings of this fungus were shewn, and its singular development explained. The *Botrytis vitis* has this year done great mischief. When decomposition has plainly commenced, *Botrytis vulgaris* appears. The potato suffers from the *Botrytis infestans*, which,

without saying that it caused the disease of last year, is certainly most remarkably connected with it, and the disease is much accelerated thereby. The mycelium creeps in a most singular manner through the intercellular passages of the leaf, and the fungi emerge through the stomata, thereby effectually preventing all their functions. With regard to the growth of mucedinous fungi, some curious experiments had been made in France, and by the lecturer also recently here. In a solution of albumen in distilled water no fungus appeared, though kept for a year in a damp place. But a drop of acid soon caused moulds to appear, which were found to be *Monilia*; but alkalies gave *Botrytis* moulds. Some mixtures quickened, some destroyed, and others retarded their growth. All perfumes entirely prevent the growth of moulds. With regard to other cultivated plants, many are attacked by *Botrytis*: onions by *Botrytis destructor*; turnips by *Botrytis parasitica* on the leaves, and the roots by a species of *Fusicium*. Beet is attacked by a *Uredo*, and last year by a *Botrytis*. Hops suffer from *Erysiphe communis*, having the habits of the *Erysiphe* of the pea. With regard to remedies, *Puccinia* in the cereals might be prevented by ventilation and light in shaded spots, by amendments of soil, by checking over-luxuriant growth, by early cropping and early varieties, and by avoiding putting on manure directly before the wheat-crop. Fine sunny weather best took away the uredines and some botrytides. Alkaline dresses effectually prevented *Uredo foetida*, and would probably do much to avoiding *Uredo segetum*. Barley ought to be dressed as well as wheat. A few flowers of sulphur greatly checked *Erysiphe* and the botrytides. But more experiments are wanted: perhaps those detailed on the growth of moulds may be a step in the right direction. It is a question of daily increasing importance and interest; and it is still undecided whether the sporules of any fungi are or can be developed without an incipient alteration in the tissues of the vegetables they attack. Once started, they may increase the malady, and are probably started in such incipient stages of decomposition as lead to the belief that they originate it. Small in themselves, they are mighty in the Providential hand; and no doubt, as with every other malady, some benefit is conferred by them, and a sufficient antagonism to their injurious encroachments exists and may be found.

ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

April 27th.—Lord Colchester in the chair. The first paper read was a letter from Captain Becroft, addressed to Colonel Nichols, dated Fernando Po, January 1846, giving an account of a recent ascent of the river Niger in the steamer *Ethiopia*. On the 24th of July last the *Ethiopia* entered the Nun branch of the Niger in the Bight of Benin, and reached Eboe on the 29th. The King of Eboe had died the year before, and his two sons now govern in his stead. Here Capt. Becroft found the interpreter who ascended the river with him on a former expedition in the year 1840, whom he again engaged in the same capacity. The steamer left Eboe on the 1st of August, and arrived at Idda on the 7th, where they were well received, the people being very desirous that the travellers should remain and trade with them without ascending higher up the river. They reached Odocoado on the 15th. Here were found the persons who had been left at the model-farm, which had been broken up, and who were rejoiced to see the travellers. The steamer left Odocoado on the 21st; and, touching at Kutum-Kurrieef, Moye, and Bidda, the capital of Kacunda, they arrived at Egga on the 2d of September, and were well received by the people, who were without a king. At Egga it was ascertained that Osman, the king of the Fellatah nation, whose residence was at Rabbah, had been forced to retire from that city, which had since been totally destroyed by his enemies. The steamer left Egga, and arrived at Rabbah on the 18th: the information received at Egga was found too true, nothing

now remaining of the once populous and flourishing city of Rabbah but its bare and smoke-blackened walls. The success of the expedition as a commercial speculation having been so far a failure, from the destruction of Rabbah, where it was hoped much might be done, Captain Becroft determined upon returning down the river: he ultimately reached Fernando Po on the 3d of November, having been one hundred days in the river, with the loss of only two men, one of whom died from fever: he was received every where with the greatest hospitality and kindness.—The second paper read was a letter from Captain Sturt, addressed to Sir John Barrow, giving an account of his proceedings and journey from Laidley Ponds to his camp, situated in lat. 29° 40', long. 141° 40'.

May 11th.—Lord Colchester, president, in the chair. The papers read were: 1. "A notice on the navigation by steam from India and China to Sydney and Tasmania along the east coast of Australia," by Capt. Stokes, R.N.; 2. "On the attempt made by the Bolivian government to navigate the Pilcomayo;" and 3. "Some account of the province of Beni, South America:" the two latter by Mr. Masterton. The reading of these papers terminated, Sir R. Murchison announced that he had just received letters from St. Petersburg, acquainting him that the Imperial Geographical Society of that capital, recently founded on the model of the Royal Geographical Society of London, had resolved that its first great exploratory expedition should be directed along the eastern flank of the Ural Mountains, from the parallel of 60° N. (Bogoslafsk) to the glacial sea. This survey is to be conducted by Count von Keyserling, already known to the public through his valuable geological co-operation in the work on Russia by Sir R. Murchison, and for his geological researches in the hitherto little-known region of the Petchora, on the north-western flank of the Arctic Ural; and who, by his sound acquirements in geology, zoology, and geography, will, it is presumed, during the ensuing three years, throw great additional light on the wild Arctic regions which separate Europe from Asia, and which, inhabited by Ostiaks and Samoyedes, extend beyond the limits of arboreal vegetation. Among numerous other objects, it is hoped that this expedition (the headquarters of which is to be Obdorsk) will elicit new results concerning the entombment and preservation of the mammoths. Count Keyserling's work on the Petchora, North-Western Ural, and Timan Ridge, is about to appear under the title of *Wissenschaftliche Beobachtungen, im Lande der Petchora*.

CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

April 6th.—The president in the chair. The following papers were read:—1. "On the action of hyponitric acid upon aqueous solutions of bromine and chlorine," by Dr. C. F. Schönbein. Dr. Schönbein finds that when a solution of bromine or chlorine in water is subjected to the action of hyponitric acid, hydrobromic or hydrochloric acid and nitric acid are formed; and also that if pure nitric acid is introduced into hydrochloric or hydrobromic acid gas, even at a temperature of 15° below zero of Reaumur, these gases are rapidly decomposed, bromine or chlorine, with hyponitric acid, being eliminated: and that if water be then added, these will disappear, hydrochloric or hydrobromic acid and nitric acid being formed.

2. "On the substances contained in the roccella tinctoria," by Mr. E. Schunck. After briefly advertent to the substances examined and described by Heeren and Kane derived from this lichen, the author proceeds to detail the processes followed by him in the separation of the various substances from the roccella tinctoria, which are the subject-matter of the present paper, and then passes to their more perfect description. The first of these is erythric acid, which gives rise to the colouring matter for the production of which this lichen is employed. Mr. Schunck details the properties of this interesting body, and shews that, like lecanoric

* In the former letter of our Curious Correspondent the synonym of Cob should be Cop, i. e. top or head of any thing, as in Copland, Mow-cop, Copping-stone; Pilkopeio should also be Pilkopen.

acid, it is converted by alkalis into orcin and carbonic acid; by long boiling with alcohol into erythric ether; and by water, under the same circumstances, into picro-erythrin: its composition is $C^{14}H^{10}O^{11}$. The properties, composition, and rationale of the formation, of erythric ether and picro-erythrin, are next given; and the paper concludes with the roccellic acid, a species of fat acid, having the formula $C^{34}H^{20}O^8$, the properties of which are fully detailed.

April 20th.—The president in the chair. 1. "On the constitution of aqueous solutions of acids and alkalis," by Mr. J. Griffin. After alluding to the researches of Dalton on the subject of atomic volumes, and reviewing the paper of Messrs. Playfair and Joule, published in the Society's *Transactions*, vol. ii. pp. 401-481, the author states, that in the course of an inquiry on centigrade testing, he examined the constitution of a great number of solutions of the principal acids and alkalis, and found that the results were at variance with the doctrines laid down by the above-mentioned experimenters. Mr. Griffin finds only one substance, ammonia, that appears to have a fixed atomic volume in solution in water; the others vary constantly, according to their state of dilution. The method of conducting these investigations, with a description of the measures used, and a statement of the researches made on the subject, is then detailed; and the enormous series of results arising are, as far as possible, thrown into a tabular form. No less than twenty tables are thus obtained, entitled,—1st, on water; 2d, on sulphuric acid; 3d, shewing the increase of specific gravity occasioned in solutions of sulphuric acid by condensation; 4th, muriatic acid; 5th, shewing the increase of specific gravity occasioned in solutions of muriatic acid by condensation; 6th, nitric acid; 7th, increase of specific gravity occasioned in solutions of nitric acid by condensation; 8th, acetic acid; 9th, increase of specific gravity occasioned in solutions of acetic acid by condensation; 10th, anhydrous potash; 11th, increase of specific gravity in solutions by condensation; 12th, carbonate of potash; 13th, soda; 14th, carbonate of soda; 15th, ammonia 1; 16th, ammonia 2; 17th, ammonia 3; 18th, sal ammoniac; 19th, sugar; 20th, sulphate of magnesia. Each of these tables is followed by copious explanations and remarks, which afford a compendium of much valuable and interesting matter to the manufacturer as well as the scientific chemist.

2. A paper was read by Messrs. Joule and Playfair, "On the maximum density of water." In this the authors contended that the point of maximum density is the proper standard at which water should be taken as unity for the purpose of comparing specific gravities. There are two methods for determining the point of maximum density of water; one of these being the comparison of water in its expansion with that of some other substance the expansion of which had been already determined; the other virtually consists in weighing water in water, and was pursued by Hope in his original researches on this point. The authors adopted the latter method as the one most likely to yield correct results, but altered the method of experimenting, and the nature of the apparatus employed. Their apparatus consisted of two vessels connected at the bottom by a pipe with a cock, above by an open canal. One of these vessels was made to contain water at a temperature decidedly below that of the maximum density, the other being above that temperature. On opening the stop-cock, a current took place from the colder vessel to the hotter, until a certain time, when the current became reversed. The rapidity and direction of the current was determined by hollow glass beads. The experiment was tried under varying conditions; and, as a mean of several series of experiments, the authors fixed 39.101° Fahr. as the point of maximum density, stating that they believed this to be within $\frac{1}{1000}$ of a degree of the truth; at all events, that it could not be $\frac{1}{100}$ of a degree in error.

Mr. Calvert exhibited and described the preparation and composition of the oxides of lead, and their combinations with nitric acid and ammonia, which had formed the subject of a series of investigations in which he had been engaged for some time.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.

May 12th and 19th.—Sir J. Rennie, president, in the chair. The first of these evenings was entirely occupied by the renewed discussion upon Mr. Williams' "Description of the new works for rendering navigable the upper part of the river Severn."

The paper read on the 19th was, "On the combustion of fuel under steam-boilers; with a description of Bodmer's fire-grate," by Mr. J. G. Bodmer. The main feature of the grate consisted in the ends of the fire-bars being laid in the threads of two parallel endless screws, placed longitudinally beside the fire space and revolving slowly, so as to move the grate-bars gradually forward, the fresh fuel being thus received on a bare surface and consecutively moved towards that portion in a state of ignition. A more perfect and effective combustion of the fuel and the gases was stated to take place than could be obtained by the ordinary method of throwing the fresh fuel on an ignited surface; for in the latter case the gases suddenly developed passed off to a considerable extent through the flues as smoke without being ignited, and a considerable waste of fuel was the consequence, which it was the principal object of this grate to avoid. The fire-bars, on arriving at the farther end of the machine, descended on to another parallel pair of endless-screws, which had a contrary motion to the upper pair, and thus restored the bars to the front of the grate, when they were again lifted up to the upper screws by means of levers, and were in a position to receive fresh coals and again to be moved onwards into the fire. A rocking motion was communicated to them by a drunken thread, so as to prevent the spaces from filling with clinkers.

The paper then proceeded to notice the applicability of this grate to all situations in which furnaces were required, and concluded by contending, that with the more perfect combustion that would be ensured, a less draught and consequently less fuel would be required, which it was maintained was an object of great interest, considering that millions of tons of coals were annually consumed in this country, and that with a daily increasing consumption, the time might ere long arrive, when any means by which even a small saving of fuel might be effected would be looked upon as a matter of paramount importance.

Sir J. Rennie, president, announced that the first of the series of his *soirées* would be held June 13th, and that it was his intention this season to repeat them on the evenings of Saturday, June 20th and 27th, and July 4th. The members were requested to co-operate in procuring interesting models and works of art for these interesting meetings.

The paper announced for reading at the next meeting was, "On the resistance to railway-trains at various velocities," by Mr. W. Harding.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, May 14th.—The Rev. C. R. Dickens, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, was admitted *ad eundem*; and the following degrees were conferred:—*Masters of Arts*.—H. S. Stratford, Christ Ch. Coll.; Rev. J. Burrow, Rev. J. H. Shephard, Rev. T. H. Smith, Queen's Coll.; Rev. E. R. Horwood, Rev. C. B. Jackson, Brasenose Coll.; E. L. Davies, Jesus Coll.; Rev. J. L. Prior, Exeter College; J. M. Leir, New Inn Hall; W. W. Hull, St. Mary Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—S. Brandram, Trinity College, B. J. Gibbons, Wadham Coll., R. P. Cornish, Christ Church Coll., W. H. R. Merriman, Brasenose College, W. Bullock, St. Mary Hall, grand compounders; Hon. H. D. Curzon, Hon. A. Wrottesley, L. C. Randolph, student, Christ Church; A. Dendy, Wadham College; R. E. Pormby, J. A. Ogile, Brasenose College; W. Brande, H. Morgan, G. Saunders,

New Inn Hall; J. Hall, Lincoln College; W. Bree, Merton Coll.; J. Bush, St. Mary Hall; Rev. J. Stretch, F. Woodman, J. Glasbrook, Magdalen Hall; R. Menzies, G. Ashford, Queen's Coll.; R. Hole, W. Hanterville, S. Hansard, University College; H. Farmer, H. Warburton, H. Tweed, T. Serjeant, Exeter College; W. Acton, M. Bere, Balliol College; C. de Haviland, H. Savory, J. Moor, R. Arrow-smith, Oriel Coll.; W. David, Jesus College; W. Brewster, W. Colston, W. Feetham, St. John's College; H. Pruett, Pembroke College; G. Quirk, C. Waller, A. Hensley, F. Morgan, Worcester College.

CAMBRIDGE, May 13th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in the Civil Law.—S. T. Bartlett, Clare Hall.
Masters of Arts.—G. Chance, W. Franks, F. W. Gibbs, G. Nugée, C. Sargent, Trinity College; T. Tanqueray, Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. James, King's College; J. P. Haines, Trinity College; W. Coleman, C. Riley, St. John's College; F. J. Furnivall, Trinity Hall; R. S. Baker, Magdalen College; E. M. D. Pyne, Emmanuel College; W. P. Snell, Downing College.

Ad eundem.—R. Grenside, M.A., University College, Oxford; J. Ridgeway, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin.

ANTIQUARIAN DISPUTES.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Saville Row, May 16, 1846.

SIR,—I have read with some surprise, in a letter from Mr. Edward Hawkins of the British Museum, inserted in your *Gazette* of this day, that I had, at a late meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, brought forward a charge against Sir Frederick Madden, which is described by Mr. Hawkins as a proceeding "unfeeling as it was unnecessary and uncourteous." To any one present at that meeting it is quite needless to offer one word of explanation on the subject. Mr. Hawkins, by a peculiar obliquity of understanding, construed what I thought proper to say at that meeting into a charge against Sir F. Madden; but upon my appealing to the noble president, and to all unprejudiced members in the room, as to the justice of this accusation, no one could or would venture to support Mr. Hawkins's views; and it was then, as you have justly reported, that the members did very strongly dissent from Mr. Hawkins's uncourteous and uncalled-for exclamations of "charge," "gross charge." To those Fellows of the Society who were not present, I feel that it is incumbent upon me to acquaint them that I simply moved that an account should be rendered to the society of the receipts and disbursements connected with the Anglo-Saxon publications, seeing that the auditors had taken no notice of them in their report to the society. I stated that this was the more essential, as in the audit of 1845 it was declared that no further payments were intended or required to be made on the Anglo-Saxon accounts. And from another audit, namely in 1839, it appeared that, by "the expenses incurred in preparing for the press Layamon's version of Wace's Chronicle, edited by Sir Frederick Madden, and also the Exeter Book, under the superintendence of Mr. Thorpe (the former of these works being now nearly ready for publication), the subscriptions raised in aid of the society's Anglo-Saxon works have been exhausted." Upon this I did express my regret that the work thus announced as "being now nearly ready for publication," in 1839, had not made its appearance up to 1846; and I further added my regret that, among the names of Fellows read over to us at the annual meeting as having withdrawn from the society, that of Sir F. Madden was included. I also communicated to the society what had been told me by the treasurer—that money had been long since paid on account of that publication. Surely, sir, in all this there is nothing "unfeeling" or "uncourteous," nor any thing which could render it necessary for me to communicate to Sir F. Madden my intention of bringing the subject of the Anglo-Saxon accounts before the society. I never intended any charge against Sir F. Madden, and I therefore never dreamt of giving to that gentleman any notice regarding it. All that I said in addition to what I have now repeated was, that I regretted Sir F. Madden should have retired from the society, because every one knew him well as an antiquary; and that I thought the Anglo-Saxon

Committee had exercised a sound discretion in entrusting to him the editing of Wace's Chronicle; but that I was sorry the work had not yet made its appearance. If any one besides Mr. Hawkins can see either want of feeling or want of courtesy towards Sir F. Madden on this occasion, I am willing to prolong this discussion; otherwise, I really have more important and professional duties to attend to than are to be found in taking notice of such unfounded and ridiculous assertions. The account of the Anglo-Saxon fund will, I trust, ere this appears in print, be laid before the society; and then it will be seen that the larger amount, which Mr. Hawkins designates "only part," has been contributed by the Fellows, being taken from the general fund of the society.—I am, &c,

T. J. PETTIGREW.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

London, May 19, 1846.

SIR,—As an antiquary, and one who was present at the Society of Antiquaries on the occasion alluded to by Mr. Hawkins, I beg permission to say, that your report appeared to me perfectly correct. My impression was, that Mr. Hawkins attempted to throw discredit on Mr. Pettigrew's motions by intimating that they were brought forward as a personal attack on Sir F. Madden. I am still in the dark as to the meaning of Mr. Hawkins's letter. He says Mr. Pettigrew "brought a charge against" Sir F. Madden. I would ask what this charge was, for I have no recollection of it. Mr. Pettigrew's motions embodied the wishes of the society to have a proper report of the accounts of the Saxon Committee. It appears that one work, entrusted to the care of Sir F. Madden, has been in hand ever since 1831, and that the main expenses connected with it have been paid out of the society's funds long ago. In 1839 the society was told that it was nearly ready for publication, and nothing has been said about it since. No intimation has been made to the society of the cause of this delay; and, as far as I can gather, very few Fellows of the society are in personal intercourse with Sir F. Madden so as to be aware of his state of health. When, therefore, they heard that he had withdrawn from the society, without any public intimation to the society relating to his work, it was natural enough that they should wish to know the state of the Saxon Committee. The only way to obtain that knowledge was to bring forward a motion on the subject; and I, for one, protest against such motions being met in the way mentioned above.

Of course we must now look upon the Saxon Committee as a thing which is past; but I cannot help thinking it was a piece of mismanagement. It is not likely that the Fellows in general, paying so large a subscription, will pay also for the books published partly or wholly with their own funds; and it appears that no efficient measures have ever been taken to ensure a sale to the public. What can be the utility of expending large sums of money to print books which are to remain twenty or thirty years in the cellars of Somerset House (I believe that is our warehouse), "carefully packed up in brown paper" (these, I think, were the words of a verbal report made some months ago on the sale of the society's stock)? If the Saxon publications had been printed in a cheaper form, and consequently at much less expense, and distributed to the members of the society, they would have promoted the objects of the society by spreading antiquarian and historical knowledge.

In conclusion, sir, I would venture to suggest to Mr. Hawkins that good-fellowship in the society is not likely to be promoted by the "unnecessary" application to its members, who are only to the best of their judgment doing their duty, of such terms as "unfeeling" and "uncourteous."—I am, sir,

AN F.S.A.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

May 14th.—Sir Robert Inglis, V.P., in the chair. The conclusion of Mr. Beke's paper, on an Abyssinian church, was read, and a curious collection

of Mexican fictile vases exhibited by Mr. Gould. Notice was given of an intention to change the law with regard to the mode of electing the officers and Council, according to the announcement of the Council at the preceding meeting; on which Mr. Hunter gave notice that he should move that there be a distinct and separate election of the Council and officers, so that the Society should not vote for the officers until the election of the Council be made known.

May 21st.—Lord Mahon, president, in the chair. The president made a communication from the Council, asking for a vote of three hundred pounds for the purpose of binding books in the library. This proposal met with a good deal of opposition, from the unwillingness which the society felt, both to grant so large a sum of money for an object of which it had not felt the necessity, and for which it was understood no kind of estimate had been taken, and also to granting any considerable sum of money until it had received an account of its finances, for the examination of which it was understood that a finance committee had been appointed. This grant will be balloted for next Thursday evening. Mr. Pettigrew gave notice that, if the grant were made, he should then give notice of a motion to allow the books of the library to be lent out to the members, as is the case in the library of the Royal Society. The discussion on these subjects having occupied the whole evening, no papers were read; but as the president was rising from the chair, Mr. Windus called the attention of the society to the threatened destruction of a very interesting chapel (in an architectural and antiquarian point of view), at, as we caught the name, Kingsland, and wished some measures to be taken to prevent it; on which Mr. Roach Smith stated that the British Archaeological Association had already taken steps to arrest the hand of the destroyer, if it were found that the building does deserve its interference.

BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

May 20th.—Public Meeting.—After the announcement of a number of new associates, and a copious list of presents, Mr. Rolfe exhibited a small brass coin of Carausius found at Richborough, remarkable as bearing on the reverse the same inscription (EGVITAS (sic) MVNDI), which was first made known at the preceding public meeting, from one of the coins furnished by Mr. Curt from the discovery at Rouen. Upon a close examination, it is evident that these two coins were struck from the same die.—Mr. W. A. Combs exhibited fragments of an urn, with a pin found in it, mixed with human bones, dug up in a field by the high road from London to Portsmouth, on a farm called Bonhams, eight miles from Farnham.

Mr. Smith read an interesting letter from Mr. Artis (mentioned in our last), on the Upchurch pottery. Mr. Pettigrew announced the election of Captain Beecher to be Hydrographical Secretary, and stated the interest which the Admiralty authorities took in the proceedings of the Association. This announcement was received with loud marks of satisfaction. Mr. Smith then stated, that since the last meeting he had again visited the Upchurch marshes in company with Mr. Fairholt, and had visited several private collections, from which Mr. Fairholt had made drawings of a number of very elegant urns, which would do for the illustrations to a paper on the subject, which it was intended should be given in the next number of the Journal. He said, that from observations made on this occasion, he was still more astonished at the great extent of ground occupied by the site of the potteries. The high ground above the marshes was covered with graves, in one of which a coin of Antoninus Pius had been found.

Colonel Batty exhibited, through Mr. Croker, a curious dial, or astronomical instrument resembling a dial, in his possession, bearing the date 1548, and believed to have been made by Nicholas Kratzer,

a foreign mathematician, who was brought to England in the reign of Henry VIII., and was matriculated into the University of Oxford.

Mr. Croker read a letter from Mr. Chaffers, describing that gentleman's visit to Waltham Abbey to examine mural paintings said to have been discovered in the church. Just enough had been brought to light to show that interesting paintings lay concealed under the white-wash; but the churchwardens have given strict order that no more white-wash shall be removed. Mr. Chaffers then paid a visit to some of the ancient houses for which this place is remarkable, of which he gave an account to the meeting.—A drawing of the curious sculpture of St. Michael, recently discovered in Barnwell Priory, was exhibited by Mr. Clarke of Saffron-Walden.—Mr. Williams exhibited a number of beautiful drawings of antiquities at Colchester, with a descriptive communication. The Rev. J. M. Traherne communicated some notices of Swansea in 1684, from a ms. preserved at Badminton.

The greater portion of the evening was occupied with the reading by Mr. Wright of a most interesting communication from the Rev. Lambert B. Larking, on the preparations made in the county of Kent to resist invasion as well as for foreign wars in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign. This paper, compiled from the collections of the learned Sir Roger Twysden, now in Mr. Larking's possession, was important not only as an illustration of history, but for the curious light it throws on the modes of raising men for national defence which were in use before the establishment of the militia. In the documents given by Mr. Larking we see how, in former days, on sudden emergencies men were dragged without notice from their daily labours, marched off to the nearest port-town, placed on ship-board within a few hours of the time they left their home, and engaged in the very heat of battle almost before they knew they were soldiers. In March 1590, the deputy-lieutenant writes to the justices of the peace of the lath of Aylesford: "For as much as I have received order for the present providing and furnishing of the soldiers now to be employed in her majesty's service beyond the seas, these are therefore to pray you to make choise of xxvth stronge, lustie, able men, fytt for the warres, and handsomely apparelled, within your limitte, beinge such persons as may well bee spared, as, namlie, masterlesse men, and such as, beinge in covenant in husbandrie, will not serve for the wages rated in the statute, but take excessively. If also there bee any within your limytte which, in regard of their good service in husbandrie, cannot well be spared, and yet will demand too greate wages,* it shall not bee amisse, for the certifyinge of them and others, to send them also with the other xxvth, all which I desire you to send to Gravesend," &c. In another instance, orders arrive at midnight for the raising of 200 men, to be at Dover next day by noon to be shipped off for the Low Countries. It appears to have been a troublesome job to get these hastily-raised and unwilling recruits to their place of destination without losing half of them by desertion; and the various accounts of them form an apt illustration of the regiment with which Falstaff was ashamed to march through Coventry. One of their captains, after announcing that, with much trouble, he has got his unruly recruits to Rochester, rejoices that the "hurly-burly" was over. No less dull are the directions for drilling, and the anxiety expressed that these new soldiers, fresh from the plough-tail, should first be taught to fire with powder in the priming only, that they might accustom themselves not to be frightened at the sight of gunpowder going off; then they were to be practised with half a charge of powder, then with a whole charge, and lastly with a bullet. In this manner it was hoped that, with a little practice, they might be taught not

* To ask a fair day's wages for a fair day's work in those days was not so safe as now.—Ed. L. G.

to wink and draw back their heads when they fired off their guns. And they were more especially cautioned that, in firing in line, the back rank should take care not to shoot their comrades of the front rank through the head. Other papers read were full of details on the arming and providing for the soldiers, as well as on the various precautions to be taken for giving immediate information of the appearance of the Spaniards on the coast, and for making an effectual resistance. In concluding this paper, Mr. Wright exhibited a very curious map of the coast of Sussex, made by a government surveyor in the autumn of 1587, with a view to placing it in a state of efficient defence against the threatened invasion by the Spaniards. This document is very interesting, as shewing the alterations in the coast which have taken place, by the encroachments of the sea, during the last three hundred years. It was communicated by Mr. Lower of Lewes.

Mr. Keats, jun. exhibited a series of rubbings of brasses, an account of which, with communications by Mr. Price and others, was postponed till the next public meeting.

As the meeting was breaking up, Mr. Smith announced that a letter from Mr. Dawson Turner had just been put into his hands, informing the Association that the existence of the remains of the ancient Roman station of Venta Icenorum, at Caistor, near Norwich, was threatened by the Norwich and Halesworth railroad, newly projected; and calling upon the Association to use its utmost vigilance to rescue this interesting relic of the past from destruction. It was understood that immediate steps should be taken to ensure this object.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical (anniversary meeting), 1 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.; Linnean (anniversary meeting), 1 P.M.
Tuesday.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8½ P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 8 P.M.
Wednesday.—Pharmaceutical, 9 P.M.; Ethnological, 8 P.M.
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.
Friday.—Royal Institution (G. Cottam, Esq., "On a new process of manufacturing sugar from the cane"), 8½ P.M.

FINE ARTS.

ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Continued.]

Our course is now so broken, that our only endeavour to follow order must rest upon the figures in the Catalogue.

No. 15. "Baroness North," &c.,—A. R. Venables,—is a creditable piece, in the Bolton-Abbey manner of Landseer, as far as composition goes. It challenges, therefore, an ordeal almost as terrible and fatal as that of Maclise below; for Mr. Venables has not "the touch" of Landseer, and has murdered owls and other strange fowls to make up his scattered abundance of game provision. The lady is poorly executed; yet, as we have said, there is much merit in the whole group. The lady is the worst part of it, and the tone generally low.

No. 20. "A Portrait," by J. R. Swinton.—Mr. Swinton has this season more successfully asserted his place among our eminent portrait-painters than he did last year, after the high expectations he had raised by his sweet and graceful female likenesses. The present is an elegant example of his pencil; and No. 76, "Mrs. Gambier Parry," is another, not of so feathery a texture in its handling, but still in that pleasing style which is so necessary for portraying the feminine beauties of the sex.

No. 24. "Psalmody," S. A. Hart, R.A.—Mr. Hart has also this year vindicated his art and his academic honours. In the semi-lunar fresco form, this is a fine performance. The clear blue sky, with its crescent moon and star, hangs finely over the heads of the poetic scene, where David sings the praises of the Lord. The group of maidens on the left is charming, and there is sufficient contrast in the elders and richly clothed group on the

right. The central figure is elevated and inspired: the whole design excellent, and the colouring harmonious. From the same hand we have No. 138, "Jessica," a dark young Jewess of much beauty, and her costume richly coloured up to her rich brown complexion; 292, a grand oil of "Dante," after his acknowledged portrait; and 363, a contrast "Portrait" to 138, viz., a deep cerulean circle, in which is the head of an exalted female, pale as her white linen garb. These display great and various powers.

No. 32. "Ruth and Boaz." H. W. Pickersgill, R.A.—The principal personages are well conceived; but the figures on the right are shadows, and there is a shadow, or shade, on Ruth's arm which we do not comprehend. It is, however, a vice of criticism not to recognise peculiar circumstances which may be true, but are so rare that, though the painter has seized an example, it does not address itself to the sense of the spectator so as to be received as natural. As an instance we may mention—

No. 356. "Portrait of a Lady,"—J. Sant,—which might pass muster on the stage for a Fire Queen. Yet it displays no common abilities, and may, for aught we can say to the contrary, be truly painted under certain combinations of light, which never occurred to us to witness. To return to Mr. Pickersgill, Nos. 145, 193, 202, 227, 351, 395, and 530, are full-sized and substantial evidence of his talents for English portraiture. The "Duke of Wellington" leads, with a quaint quotation from Shakespeare, for the City of London club; the next is a good portrait of "Mrs. W. R. Robertson;" 202, we do not think like "Sir H. De la Beche;" "Mr. Andrew Clarke, of Comrie Castle," is a respectable masquerade Albanian, such as the Dilettante club might delight in; and 395, "Captain Antrobis," is a very agreeable whole length, worthy of his Cheshire troop and friends, and Mr. Pickersgill.

No. 38. "The Student," A. D. Cooper.—We hope not an English student, but the caricature of a German one, in costume and tobacco. The half naked girl, his neglected model, while the stupid ass blows a cloud, is well conceived; and the pair, though offensive to taste, not a bad piece of painting. 468, "Quarrelsome Companions," by the same, is a clever thing.

No. 58. "Pastorella,"—C. W. Cope, A.,—somewhat disappoints us. In the contrast of ruddy sunburnt youth and fair damsel, we have not the valiant warrior knight affecting the pastoral, but a rustic lad with a charming companion. His arm cuts into his knee most violently, so as to distort the muscle: still there is much of good in the manipulation of the picture. No. 102, "The Young Mother," by the same, is very pretty and very pleasing.

No. 60. "Portrait of Mr. Sergeant Bellasis,"—J. P. Knight, R.A.—(over which Sergeant hangs the Belle Favante, a characteristic portrait by T. M. Joy,) is the first on the list of this able artist's eight able portraits. 82, "The Sisters," is a natural and simple specimen; and from the rest we may select "Mr. D'Almaine," the well-known music publisher, as a gentlemanly drawing, and excellent likeness. The others possess high artistic merits.

No. 66. "Her Majesty," F. Grant, A.—The Queen on a spirited horse at a review; and the companion, No. 199, "Prince Albert," in the costume of the Guards, both painted for Christ's Hospital, to commemorate the royal visit to the school, &c. We cannot compliment the party, whoever it may have been, who chose the garb and paraphernalia of war to hand down to posterity this peaceful pilgrimage to an ancient establishment for education. But Mr. Grant has displayed all his spirit in executing the designs, such as they are. They are of the court, courtly; and time immemorial the arts have given us works of the same genus—admirable as Velasquez or Vandyke, when done in a masterly manner, and when not, not.

In his other paintings the artist delights us. 170, a little walking picture of the distinguished friend of arts and artists, "Mr. William Wells," in his habit as he lives among his treasures, at Penshurst, from gallery to gardens, is a happy hit; 368, his own lady, is another graceful thing of the same kind; and 270, "John Locke, Esq.," a sterling portrait, to which "Lady Seafeld," No. 601, is not inferior.

No. 73. "A Mountain Group,"—T. S. Cooper, A.,—except the lamb in the foreground, is not unworthy to prelude us to the splendid "Summer Evening," No. 255, of the artist, or to the other no less beautiful "Cattle-piece," 456. These are of the highest class in the style to which they belong, and rank our native school with the best of Flanders and Holland.

No. 84. "Spanish Peasants retreating from the French Army," a well-studied picture, by F. Goodall, in which the characteristic traits on both sides are skillfully preserved, and the grouping well arranged. It is, however, short of his just reputation.

No. 100. "Pandora,"—G. Patten, A.,—and one of the most prominent and striking features of the exhibition. Pandora is full and fleshy, and the limbs appearing rather short. But the body is brilliantly and naturally coloured, and there is an air of grandeur in the figure as well as in the whole design, which speaks of an artist not afraid of attempting to walk in the highest departments of his profession. The masses of light and shadow are finely disposed, and if alone, not surrounded by distracting anomalies and glitter, we are inclined to think this picture would extort yet greater praise. 133, his family, by the same, has fine colour and much force.

Below Pandora is a corner of the room studded with a number of exceedingly pleasing little productions—twenty or thirty, enough to cover the side of a nice drawing-room, and make its owner very proud of his ornaments. Some of these we have already specified; but there are small canine pets of her Majesty, by G. Morley, well worthy of commendation. "The Suppliant," by R. Redgrave, A., a pretty fancy of a child trying to reach a knocker; "Independence," a sturdy specimen of the great fact, and a good character—J. A. Fitzgerald; "Shrimpers," by W. Collins, R.A., one of his transparent and natural scenes, with two children plodding home over the sands; "Please, is this Mr. Cox's?" by R. Farrier, a bit of nice humour; "A little Devon landscape," J. Thorpe; "Life Guards," A. Cooper, R.A.; "A Candidate for a Portrait," naive and natural, by C. Landseer; and others forming, if we may say so, a nest of attraction, enough to make an agreeable exhibition.

No. 183. "Portrait of the Duke of Roxburgh,"—a handsome, manly, whole length—one of his best, though, alas! a posthumous work of T. Phillips, R.A.

No. 126. "Portrait of John Swinton, Esq." J. Watson Gordon, A.—One of five portraits by this distinguished Scottish artist, and a great honour to the northern school. They are all firmly painted, in an excellent tone of colour, full of character, and (what people are sure of on looking at such pictures) speaking likenesses. From among them we may point at No. 253, "Francis Grant, Esq.," a capital piece on a small scale, and as spirited as it is close in resemblance; and No. 313, "Lord Robertson," another capital piece on a large scale, equally true to nature, and an admirable representation of the most humorous of senators that ever adorned the college of justice in Scotland with law and wisdom, though conjoined to a marvellous disposition for pleasantry and drollery in social life, and a talent to execute to the pitch of laughable effect what the mind, on the instant, may conceive. This is a very interesting portrait of no common man. The happiest of companions—an agreeable poet—an excellent judge—Mr. Gordon has him to the life on his canvass.

No. 314. "The fainting of Hero," (from *Much Ado about Nothing*). A. Elmore, A.—Claudio is

leaving the aspersed Hero, and the whole action of the scene is fully and dramatically entertained. The swooning of Hero, and the solicitude she excites among her female friends, forms a lovely group, and brings the brave affections of Beatrice delightfully into notice; but the dark and despairing Leonto, rising above the misery towards the left, is the great point of the conception. It reminds us of Sir Joshua's Ugolino, and not to its disadvantage.

No. 341. "The Return from Labour." W. P. Frith, A.—From Gray's *Elegy*:

"His children run to kiss their sire's return;
And climb his knees, the envied kiss to share."

A cheering domestic vision of rural comfort and happiness, which would get no belief on the floor of the House of Commons, as on the floor of the Royal Academy Exhibition, in the midst of these disputatious times about agricultural distress, protectionists, Dorsetshire labourers, and other matters of legislative intrigue. It is well told, and warmly coloured. No. 496. "Madame Jourdain," &c., from the *Bourgeois Gentilhomme*, is a superior production of art, and as a genre painting, comes close to Leslie's "Roderic Random." Moliere's story is admirably embodied, the characters finely preserved, and M. Jourdain himself inimitable in his insecure security, with his unseen wife behind him, whilst he enjoys the luxuries of the table, the gay Count and the Belle (truly belle) Marquise. The costume is diversified with much taste and efficacy.

No. 592. "First reading of the Bible in the Crypt of Old St. Paul's." G. Harvey.—A highly commendable effort, with much to eulogise, and much to notice as detracting from the general merit. The reader, or preacher, is a heavy un-intellectual-looking person, and behind him are a mass of caricature uglinesses. But the old man in the centre, with the light upon him, is fine, and all the group near him is varied and expressive of emotions, which shew thought in the artist, and skill in expressing it. We think this a work of much promise, independently of its inherent worth.

No. 90. "Hall Sands, Devon."—W. Collins, R.A.,—is very sweet. 184, "Early Morning," by the same, is far from his usual style, but very fine in effect; a gradation of cold distances, leading the eye from object to object, with all the truth of dawning morn: but 529, "Meadford Bay," restores us again to the artist's sunny light, and all the charms of the russet landscape.

No. 153. "Portrait of a Painter." R. Rothwell.—The great Italian exclaimed, "I, too, am a painter!" Mr. Rothwell has had it printed in the catalogue. This is a clever likeness of himself. We presume he must be unequal this year, for we see 896, "Sympathy—Harem Captives," a fair and a dark beauty, hung above the miniatures, where, in spite of its position, it looks rather taking; and 1105, "Portrait of a Gentleman," in the same unacceptable room.

No. 103, "The Brook," we should have named in the pretty corner, by R. Redgrave, but 240, "Preparing to throw off her Weeds," is a more obvious canvass. The widow, the mantua-maker, and the maid, are well imagined, and the silks and satins are enough to tempt a saint from mournful black, though we do not know that the lady will look a bit better in the gayer colours. The shadowy soldier who, we suppose, is the object of the change, does not appear to be worth the trouble. 370, "Sunday Morning," does not satisfy us. It seems affected or formal throughout. Yet, as a scene, the subject is good.

No. 621. "Soft Hour," &c.,—F. Stone,—is replete with beauties of an opposite nature. Every particle of the composition breathes of the "soft hour." The old and the young, the lovers and the more youthful, the scenery, the atmosphere, all and every thing contributes to wake the wish and melt the heart. It is a sweet and congenial performance.

No. 299. "Rudesheim." G. C. Stanfield, jun.

—A very warm and well-painted view. The water is so clear that we must presume it runs in the blood! [of Stanfield.]

No. 152. "The Wounded Smuggler." No. 337. "Mary Avenel shewing her Trinkets to Mysie Happer."—C. Landseer, R.A. There is a great contrast between these pictures. The first a scene of offence and suffering; the last of playfulness and enjoyment. The smuggler is boldly portrayed, and the gentle mourner hanging over him is very touching; whilst the apathy around tells the tale of reckless habit. In the other, Walter Scott's text is charmingly wrought out, and painted in the artist's own pleasing manner.

Shining in Landscape are Mr. Lee, R.A., and Mr. Creswick, A., whose works, though only nine in number, lend great attractions to the three principal rooms.

No. 86, "Windmill on the banks of a River," is a sufficient proof of Mr. Lee's gift for copying nature; but 539, "The Woodland Ferry" and 585, "The Harvest-field," are in our eyes yet more close approaches to the truth, with more of the picturesque; especially in the former, where the objects are refreshingly contrasted with the sultry atmosphere from which they offer shelter and quiet.

No. 269, "River Scene,"—Creswick,—is pure English beauty. 364, "The Hall Garden," verdure sparkling with brilliancy, and enhanced by its artificial features. No. 551. "The pleasant Way Home," a chequered piece of wood and light, that would make the way delightful to the wearied limbs. The leaves seem to dance and the sword to rejoice in the glittering beams which penetrate, move, and embellish them.

THE WELLINGTON STATUE.

LORD R. GROSVENOR brought this subject under the notice of the House of Commons on Thursday evening, and introduced it by a series of mistaken remarks, which shewed that the sources of his information knew little about the matter. His Lordship fancied that 30,000*l.* (originally contemplated) had been subscribed, and the cannon taken at Waterloo granted for the execution of this statue; but there has been no subscription to within thousands of pounds of that amount (we should say nearly, if not quite, a fourth less), and only one gun was given by Lord Melbourne to cast the head of the hero,* whether taken at Waterloo or not we cannot tell; but we have always thought that a few of the metal trophies of that glorious field could not have been better employed by Government than in contributing to form a splendid and imperishable monument of its immortal victor. Lord R. Grosvenor, and one or two other members, had also been told that the statue was much too large, and the arch much too weak to support it. On these points we presume the artist and the architect are the most competent to judge; and having taken great interest in the design, we are enabled, from our own inquiries, to state, that the arch is quite strong enough, and that the size of the group has been studied with reference to due proportion between it and its support. Mr. Wyatt, much to his honour, though bound only to a smaller, and consequently far less costly size, of his own accord, and to render his work what he desired it to be for the sake of the Arts, the Country, the Subscribers, and the Object of all their patriotic admiration, increased its dimensions so as to agree with the appointed situation—an idea of which may be given when we mention that the superficies amounts to upwards of 1100 square feet! With regard to the horse standing across the arch, we are not aware of many precedents, nor are we inclined to offer an opinion; for though the arch may probably be the most distinguished position in London (too fixed, we fear, to be changed), we have always been of opinion that a pedestal pe-

* We were on the Wellington City Statue Committee, and should notice that the surplus metal from Chantrey's statue was divided, with the consent of Government, between the Nelson Column and the Wellington Military Memorial.

culiar to itself, in a very public and commanding site, would be preferable. Sir Robert Peel explained the circumstances of the first gift of the Arch by King William for this purpose, and the subsequent confirmation by the Queen; upon which the subscription was raised, and by which all the proceedings of the Committee were of necessity regulated. He also observed that Government had offered the expense of a fitting pedestal, and a site either near Apsley House in Hyde Park, between the United Service and Athenæum Club Houses, towards the Duke of York's Column, or near the Horse Guards, in St. James's Park, if the Committee could have availed themselves of the alternative. The Attorney-General, however, declares they have no option: yet so strongly does our inclination run in that direction, we should rejoice if there were, and if the brow of Constitution Hill could be allotted for the statue. This we think by far the finest site in London—near to, and within sight of, the Duke's abode—near to, and within sight of, the Royal palace—elevated enough for view from nearly all the public buildings of Government, the army and navy, and the national monuments around—a grand spectacle from the fine upper portion of Piccadilly, from the much-frequented park, and its rides and drives, and from the brilliant assemblages of Court-days—would not this place be most eligible for such a design? A line across from the lower end of Hamilton Place would about hit the rising-ground; and if it may be possible to alter the present destination, much do we hope there would be no objection to our favourite hills. But there is one other point we consider to be very desirable, viz. that the monument should be opened on the next anniversary of Waterloo! and all minor things should give way to that.

The Arch, we may add, is far more commanding than may be imagined from the ground at Hyde-Park Corner: any thing on its summit can be seen from Harrow, Highgate, Hampstead, Shooter's-Hill, and the whole range of the Surrey hills,—all the parks, Belgrave Square, and nearer points, of course.

Earl de Grey's *Conversazione*.—On the evening of Friday, last week, Earl de Grey, as president of the Institute of British Architects, gave an evening party at his residence in St. James's Square. The noble suite of apartments was thrown open, and a more brilliant assembly could hardly be witnessed in a more brilliant scene. The Duchess of Sutherland, and many ladies of high quality, graced it; and literature, the arts, and sciences, contributed their most distinguished ornaments, almost *en masse*, to the meeting. The tables were covered with the choicest drawings and other interesting objects; among which, not the least attractive, were the many grateful tributes which had been paid to Lord de Grey and his lady on leaving Ireland and other public occasions. None have ever better deserved such testimonies of national approbation and gratitude, for estimable personal qualities and eminent services to the state. The liberal patronage of the fine arts, private virtues, elevated character, and munificence and splendour in the performance of political duties, when combined, as in the noble earl, are sure to command such respect as was shewn by all ranks on this their delightful "re-union." The refreshments were (we need hardly note) as sumptuous as the appearance of the dazzling rooms.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

FRANCE.

Paris, May 19, 1846.

To-morrow the exhibition closes its doors to the public; so we must conclude with it without further delay, otherwise we should have naught but a funeral sermon to write. Let us, then, revert to our review where we left off, viz. the *tableaux de genre*.

This year the *peinture de genre* makes a brilliant show at the exhibition. With the exception of

Scheffer's works, neither religious art, nor historical painting, nor landscapes, can claim so many compositions of real merit.

M. Adolphe Leleux especially has attracted public attention. The "Spanish Smugglers" and the "Haymakers" of the Basse Bretagne are remarkable for harmony and cleverness of composition, for solidity of matter, for firmness and strength of colouring. The smugglers advance over the mountain, some on foot, some on their mules. The dogs, their companions in danger, the vigilant watchers of night and day, are held in leash, and frighten you by their ferocious mien. Some women speak to the chief of the band, who proudly sits on his steed, and attends to the information which they doubtless convey to him. As for the landscape, cleverly sacrificed, it is truthful, harmonious, and admirably adapted to the scene. Clouds, precursors of storm, flit along the rocks on which they hang in patches, like tufts of brown wool caught in the teeth of a granite saw. For whoever has visited the Pyrenees, there is here a charm of exact representation which imparts to the painting a singular value.

The "Haymakers" are true Basse-Brettes. This is truly the stanch Bretonne, browned by the sun, with her masculine features, her large feet, her huge hands, hardened by labour. With shouldered rake, they return from work; and it can be seen that the day has been a day of hard labour. That evening, it can be guessed, they will relish the *galette* and the sleep which await them.

M. Ad. Leleux has a brother, M. Armand Leleux, who, though he does not impart to his canvass a stamp so real and so original as his brother, is not wanting in charm and delicacy, nor in good colouring. We especially like his "Swiss Dance in the neighbourhood of the Black Forest," although the tone appears to us in general rather too showy.

The "Convoi Breton," of M. Guillemin, is, as a piece of sentiment, a finished work. At the head of the procession march the *enfant de chœur*, bearing the cross, and the *sacristain* holding the *bénédicteur* with the holy water. The vehicle is simply a common car, slowly drawn by a horse and two oxen, and on which is placed the coffin, covered with a pall. The peasants follow—the men first, then the women next. Some persons, whom accident has brought there, have fallen on their knees, and make the sign of the cross as they pray for the departed; while the children, with less gravity than the men, give vent to their grief in tears. The deep melancholy, the quiet sadness, thrown over the painting arrest the spectator, and demand of him a lengthened contemplation. M. Guillemin has many other works of quite a different character, and which are above the common. "Deux Amateurs," who stop in ecstasy before some curiosities and rare paintings. If the canvass were not signed, it would be mistaken for a Meissonnier, and your Mulready could avow the authorship of it with honour.—"The Bad News:" an old man and woman hearing of the death of their son slain in an engagement with the Arabs.—The "Artiste au Régiment:" a poor soldier has consented to sit for a comrade; and as the sitting is rather a lengthy one, the unfortunate yawns to that degree that the dislocation of his jaw is apprehended. A capital skit!

Let us now allude cursorily to a number of charming paintings, but of secondary importance.

The "Return from Market," by M. Lepoittevin. He has chosen the opportune moment for peccadilloes and huge kisses. In the cars they hug each other, more hugging on horseback, in the foreground they hug, and they hug each other in the most distant landscape. A representation of rustic saturnalia in our country districts.

Here is the same scene three thousand years earlier. M. Celestin Nanteuil, in his "Bacchante," exhibits to us several groups of satyrs and women, excited by wine, and gambolling under the vines. *Io Bacche!* There is colouring, joviality,

and earnestness in this scene, which is only wanting somewhat in classic character.

"To-day and To-morrow," of M. Landelle. This moral painting shews us in one piece the vicissitudes of the life led by the unfortunates sacrificed by debauchery to its pleasures. To-day rich drapery and flowers, the voluptuous smile, awaking to wealth. To-morrow the hovel and straw, gnawing cares, cheeks hollow with hunger, and eyes red with tears. Love to-day—misery to-morrow!

A "Scène de Montfaucon."—A lugubrious subject. A poor horse, with nothing but skin and bones left, awaits his doom, alone, at night, near two other horses who have already fallen under the knacker's axe. The melancholy of the animal has something grotesque about it, which does not, however, the less sorely affect the soul of the spectator.

Some few comic scenes, by M. Biard, the oil caricaturist *par excellence*. We like, above all, his "Classic Painter," clad in a long everyday coat, his head covered with a Grecian helmet with red plume, beholding himself in a glass. An economical model, who stands for Ajax or for Romulus.

Let us conclude with sculpture, of which we will treat briefly, although it deserves more detailed mention.

We must first notice two excellent *débuts*—those of MM. Deligand and Cain. The "Young Flute-Player" of M. Deligand is a work of great delicacy and exquisite candour. His "Marguerite," with a little affectation, exhibits chaste nudity; an unexceptionable form, and preserves all the charm of maidenhood. M. Cain leaves to others the task of representing the human creature; he labours to imitate the infinitely small marvels of creation. Here is a nest of linnetts threatened by a gormandising enemy. This reminds us that Phidias did not consider a grasshopper beneath his immortal chisel. The nest of linnetts is a little production of quick feeling, of striking imitation, and of adroit and valuable labour. It would make an exquisite bronze, which our amateurs would like to see on their tables.

M. Corporandi, a pupil of Bosio, has exhibited a figure of "Melancholy," remarkable for form and expression. Rarely does marble interpret so well this vague feeling. The "Amour Captif" of M. Fraikin, which is not perhaps very correct in proportions, is still nevertheless graceful in composition and movement. M. Vilain, a pupil of M. Pradier, has not yet acquired all the ability of his master; but his "Hebe" promises an elegant and free touch in cutting the marble, a decided tendency to elevation of style, and many qualities which it is right to encourage.

Amongst the sculptors already renowned, we must cite MM. Joffroy, Barre, and Gayraud. M. Joffroy has given us a "Child's Head" of the softest character. M. Barre a lady's portrait admirably modelled. M. Gayraud (the father) a "Virgin" cut in wood, which attests the consummate science of this artist.

We have also remarked a colossal statue of Aloys Senefelder, the inventor of the lithographic art. It is from the chisel of a young man whom the systematic repulses of the jury of examination have luckily not discouraged. We should have lost a work distinguished by much energy, frankness, fine movement, and a *jet* truly sculptural.

And now the Exhibition may close. I am even with it and with you.

All the names which deserved mention are perhaps not written in the columns of the *Lit. Gaz.*, but, to a certainty, amongst those which I have brought to your notice, there is not one which French art could repudiate, not one which does not figure honourably in the esteem of true *dilettanti*.

A few words of the theatres. One of the best skits of the season was produced three or four days ago at the Palais Royal. It is a biting sarcasm, addressed to the Academy of Sciences and the celebrated *Electrical Girl*. This girl has fired the imagination of a worthy *savant*, who wishes to produce, by artificial means, similar phenomena. Ac-

cordingly, he nourishes his daughter and secretary with all substances most likely to excite in them the development of the electric fluid. Every day some *café noir*, liqueurs, lobsters—in fact, all that is most to heating to the blood, most inflammatory. Independently of this, the secretary sleeps every night with a big cat, from whom he is to draw the superabundance of animal electricity. In the mean time a young man, enamoured of the wife of the *savant*, introduces himself surreptitiously into the house; and our friend, in search of electricity, detects him at the very moment when he is really attracted towards the infidel spouse. This calls for vengeance; and, armed with a poisoned needle, the *savant* is on the point of immolating the seducer, when he, to save his life, betinks himself of giving himself out as an electrical man. At this the *savant* stays his wrath; but he wants proofs—he must have them instantly, under penalty of death. So the suspicious personage must outdo Angélique Cottin,*—must raise the chairs on which he sits, shake all the furniture of the apartment without laying his hands on anything, break with a look the porcelain vases on the chimney-piece, &c. &c. All this would be difficult to achieve, did he not find unknown accomplices in all the members of the family, who, for one motive or another, find it their interest to aid him. Thanks to them, the poor devil, much to his astonishment, performs all the feats demanded of him; he even attracts the *savant* himself, to whom the secretary administers a sound kick behind, to push him into the arms of the would-be magnetiser. On this canvass imagine a running fire of epigrams, of puns, and a strong dose of that peculiar pleasantry which you call, I think, "practical fun." So every body laughs, and a good deal, too, at this farce,—every body . . . save perhaps M. Arago.

GERMANY.

On Translation.

[ERRATA.—Some stupid "devil" or other in the printing-office of the *Literary Gazette* seems to take delight in misprinting particular words in our communications from Germany. It may perchance be the way in which his devilish nature shews its enmity to man, and tempts us to our destruction. Though it should produce a satanic leer of delight at the success of the plot, we will acknowledge it has made us very wroth. In an "Essay on Schnadahtupfen," p. 135, we had our eyes and ears horrified by "Zodeln" instead of "Yodeln," although we are sure in the *ms.* it was plainly written, for we are particular in putting all German words clearly, vile as our orthography may otherwise be; and in the last Schnadahtupfen, we have "torn" instead of "lorn" (lost). This is clearly meant as an emendation by our infernal one; he, no doubt, feeling that, on the matter of "horns," he must know much more than we. His predilection for tearing shews what a malicious and pugnacious "devil" he must be. If we had had the more modern form "lost," his emendation would then, no doubt, have been "tost." Did we not happen to reside in a very out-of-the-way corner of Germany, this would have been noticed earlier.—*March 23d.*]

We do not conceive it to be foreign to the plan which the *Literary Gazette* has formed, to give occasional articles on German authors and their works, if we should contribute a paper which cannot be strictly said to be on one or the other of these subjects, and which yet intimately relates to and comprises both. Besides, in our remarks on translation, we shall chiefly, if not entirely, confine ourselves to those works which German literature has furnished; and we trust that here and there will be found some hints not uninteresting or even unserviceable to the German scholar who may not have yet gained that insight into the mysteries of the language which years of study and a long residence in the land where it is spoken alone can give.

We must preface our remarks by stating:—1st, that we believe most persons esteem too lightly the difficulties of translation; and 2d, what is but a natural result of the foregoing assertion, that good translations, according to our standard on such matters, are exceeding rare. Until the erroneous view of the case be rectified, the result

* See *Lit. Gaz.* No. 1519.

† There is better language, if you only knew it.—P.D.

must necessarily remain the same. As long, too, as the labour of translation is considered mere piece-work; as long as publishers are content to give to any labourer who can interpret the meaning of the foreign author in the tongue he writes and speaks instinctively, but without ever having studied; and while he, underrating perhaps the difficulties, rather than over-valuing his ability, boldly adventures on its accomplishment,—so long, we assert, will translation occupy the inferior station which is generally allotted to it. Subordinate to original composition it must always be; but though lower in rank, its position might still have dignity. It may be said, that the man possessing those qualifications which, as will be seen hereafter, we deem necessary for successful translation, will not subject himself to the labour of giving the words and thoughts of another in his native tongue, but will prefer becoming the interpreter of his own feelings, and endeavour to win for himself a place among the literary men of his country by works entirely his own. This may partly be true; on the other hand, however, there are many original minds who could, and we doubt not would, often be willing to employ themselves with translation, if they might hope to find a reward at all commensurate with the time and exertion it demands. We do not mean "the profits" to be obtained for the capital of time and talent so laid out, but that far greater stimulant—the sober praise of those qualified to judge. Certain it is, too, that he who is capable of writing a poem or an essay himself will translate the verse or prose of another better than one who, with all his talents, is unable to do so.

Few, if we will acknowledge the truth to ourselves, very, very few of us are willing to sacrifice much without the hope at least of a something to gratify us in return; be it a real benefit or a fair dream in which the imagination only may take delight. We wish it were not so, but we cannot blind ourselves to the fact that men who pursue what is good and beautiful merely for its own sake, and who, in promulgating it, wish for no reward but what the consciousness of virtue brings with it, are not to be daily met with on the great thoroughfare of life. Hence, such being our nature, the capable are withheld from attempting what they would accomplish with honour to themselves and with advantage to others, leaving the thankless office to those who are often induced to undertake it by the pressure of necessity alone. We must, however, in justice, acknowledge it is a great effort of fortitude to toil on with unwearied perseverance through manifold difficulties, with no prospect of a rewarding cheer when the goal is won, no acknowledgment of services rendered, no just appreciation of that which has been overcome.

Such, in a totally different career, was the fate of the traveller Bruce. After having, with almost superhuman courage and constancy, achieved his work, his account of what he had seen was coldly received; and in order to ensure belief for at least a portion of his narrative, he was obliged to withhold much that was most wonderful and startling.

But to our subject. The first requisite for the translator is a thorough acquaintance with the language from which the translation is made, so that the exact meaning and consequent value of each word may be known. But this is not enough, unless the grammatical construction of the language has been well studied, so that the architectonic of a sentence, with its order of the words, the connexion and order of all the different parts of the whole, be appreciated and understood. This knowledge is particularly essential in the study of German; for here the parts are so subordinate to, or wholly dependent on, one another; all is built up, as it were, and hangs together in so wonderful a manner, that the language, almost without a metaphor, may be called an architecture of words. All is so defined and determined, that account can always be rendered why this or that part of the whole may be omitted or placed elsewhere without

endangering the safety of the pile. There are laws laid down on such matters, and they are precise; but they do not on that account cramp the powers of the language, any more than, in a state, the strict enforcement of a just law can be said to abridge the liberty of the subject.

In translating a prose work, then, the chief aim should be to give the author's meaning accurately, and in easy and correct language. The difference of style in prose writings is, generally speaking, less apparent than in poetry; besides, "form" here is not the distinctive and essential quality which it becomes in metrical composition. It is not, therefore, so absolutely necessary that it should be reflected in the translation. When, however, the author's style does shew itself as a peculiar characteristic, when we see in it the impress of the writer's mind, then, we think, it would be a fault were the translation not to bear the like stamp as the original. We will take as an example Johann von Müller's *Twenty-four Books of General History*. Here we have in one, by no means thick, octavo volume a condensation, the very essence, so to say, of the history of the world. The style in which it is written is peculiar. Brevity and decision mark its character. There is not a useless word throughout the book. It is a continuous assertion of so many facts; and, indeed, for conciseness and terseness, it may stand beside the best page of Sallust. Müller's vast knowledge of universal history, and the wonderful memory with which he was endowed, gave something oracular to his writing. In this work there is no space for observation: hence it is sententious, and all is uttered with a decision according well with his thorough mastery over his subject.

In this instance, then, the style of writing being characteristic, and being, moreover, good in its character, we are of opinion that any one undertaking the translation of the work should endeavour to preserve this feature in the transmutation. We should, for instance, deem it a defect were Müller's *Twenty-four Books of History* to appear in English in the flowing periods of Schiller's *Defection of the Netherlands*. The translation should be as sententious and as decided as the original. Müller's work is a rehearsal of facts—of the events forming the world's history. There they stand ranged in their proper order, and we take them for what they are; it is left to us, to the reader, to fling a bridge over the depth that divides two succeeding events. But the style accords perfectly with the train of thought; the one befits the other; hence there is nothing to disturb. Now, were these pregnant sentences connected by parts of speech merely, and so rounded and made longer, the absence of intermediate reflections, uniting, in thought, the series of events more closely, would immediately be observed: we should feel a something was wanting, and be sensible of a disharmony, although perhaps we might not be able to discover whence it arose. Events, as recorded by Müller in this history, stand up like watch-towers along the deep. They are as the Metellian fortresses along our own shore, impressive from their isolation; and, though detached, forming really a connected barrier along the coast. To render Müller's history in a more flowing style would be as great a want of propriety as to connect by an embattled wall these solemn-looking towers substantially with each other, in order that the eye might be satisfied by the appearance of continuity.

We must here, however, mention a fault carefully to be guarded against, and into which one is very apt to fall when striving to be literal. One's style is inclined to become un-English. Indeed, any person who occupies himself much with foreign literature, and who constantly speaks and hears around him another language than his own, will very frequently, in translation especially, adopt the idiom of the foreigner; and even on a repetition of what he has written, many an un-English expression will slip by without challenging observation. One cannot be too careful in this respect.

We give as an example the following passage from Schiller's *Defection of the Netherlands*:—"Not because he (William of Orange) made the Prince of Machiavelli his study, but because he had enjoyed the living instruction of a monarch who brought that book into practice, it was, that he had become versed in the perilous arts by which thrones fall and rise." The awkwardly introduced "it was" (near *es*) would at once have told us from what language the translation had been made. A short time ago we received a page or two of a new work whose author and title were alike unknown to us. But we had scarcely read a dozen lines before we felt confident it had not been originally written in English, and felt equally certain it was from the German, which, on inquiry, we found to be the case. A good translation should bear no such mark; though the views or train of thought may be of foreign growth, the language in which such are clothed must be British, and it ought to appear as if it were in our own tongue the book had first been written.

It often happens, however, that an author has not the faculty of putting his ideas clearly before the reader. Should his periods be long, and the principal proposition encumbered with a multitude of subordinate ones, then the translator would be doing perfectly right in rendering succinct what before was confused, and in breaking the interminable periods into shorter ones.

In works on abstract subjects, the meaning is not always perceptible without considerable attention; and in such instances much care must be taken—first, thoroughly to comprehend what is meant; and secondly, to give the meaning in intelligible words, and not obscured by the use of pedantic or far-fetched terms. If not clear in the original, make it so in the translation.

Sometimes the construction of a sentence is such as to bring forward and place in bright relief some circumstance or attribute, or to contrast it with another. Again, this effect may be produced by certain words, or the repetition of certain words; and here it may be that the force or point lies. One should be attentive not to overlook such cases, but do the author the justice of also laying a stress on what he intended should be prominent. For example, in *Wallenstein*, act i. scene 2, Illo says:

"Die Menschen, in der Regel,
Verstehen sich auf's Flicken und auf's Stückeln,
Und finden sich in ein verhasstes Müssen
Weit besser, als in eine bittere Wahl."

To which Questenberg replies:

"Ja! das ist wahr! Die Wahl spart uns der Fürst."

Now it is essential that the word "Wahl" in Illo's speech should not be omitted, for it is the very word which Questenberg catches at, and on it forms his sneering answer. In Coleridge's translation, this repetition of the essential word is disregarded; whereas he should have said, "that for men to be compelled to take a decisive step

Is better for them than a painful choice."

"The troublesome task of choosing," though good in itself, loses all point by not being the same word used by the revolutionary Illo.

But there is another circumstance on which we have to remark.† In German the words are:

"Ja! das ist wahr! Die Wahl spart uns der Fürst;"

in reading which the accentuation falls naturally on "die Wahl," the important word in the line. Nor would—

"Yes, faith, a choice!—true that the Duke does spare us!"

* "Illo. This man's nature

To make the best of a bad thing once past.

A bitter and perplexed 'What shall I do?'

Is worse to man than worst necessity.

Questenberg. Ay, doubtless it is true; the Duke does

spare us

The troublesome task of choosing."

Coleridge's *Piccolomini*.

† The further remarks on this passage belong rather to another part of our paper—to the observations on the relative position of the words in a line; but we introduce them now in order not to transcribe the passage a second time, which is here complete.

have been satisfactory; for Illo, taking his general's part, retorts quickly, and, in rather an insolent manner, picks up the last word just fallen from Questenberg's lips, and with it begins his rejoinder, saying—

"The Duke feels like a parent for his troops;
But what the Emperor's care is, that we see."

He does not reply to the gist of Questenberg's remarks about having no choice left how to act; for he, of course, feels such is the truth; but he goes at once to "the Duke," whom he hears last mentioned: his anger is kindled, and to account, as it were, for such a state of things, he puts the treatment the troops receive from his general in opposition to that they meet with from the Emperor. The necessity of the words "the Duke" being placed in both lines exactly where they stand, and *no where else*, in order that the several replies may have point and meaning, will, we think, be obvious to all.

That the correct meaning of the words translated should be given, will appear to every one a matter of course. But there are some cases where this is of more consequence than in others; where it is, indeed, a matter of vital importance that there should be no mistake, and that the shades of difference even between certain expressions should be attended to. In no instance, perhaps, is this so necessary as in a description of character, or when the minds of two men are compared, and their points of resemblance or dissimilarity displayed. Here a wrong epithet may be very mischievous. In the comparison between Philip II. and Charles V., in an English translation of Schiller's *Defection of the Netherlands*, we have an instance:

"Charles V. was zealous for religion, because religion laboured for him. Philip was so because he really believed therein. The former caused fire and sword to rage against thousands for the sake of dogmas, and he himself derided, in the person of the Pope, his captive, the doctrine to which he offered up the blood of men. Philip resolved on the most just war against the Pope only with repugnance and alarm of conscience, and divested himself of all the fruits of victory like a penitent malefactor of his booty. The Emperor was cruel from calculation, his son from conviction."

The word "conviction" is wrong. In German it is "aus Empfindung," "from feeling," or better, "from the impulse of his feelings," meaning that, in his zeal for a religion in which he really believed, he was often carried away, and thus led to commit excesses; which opinion is accordant with what is said after, that "he was of a weaker mind." By the use of the word "conviction" (Ueberzeugung) it would seem that he believed his cruelties to be just and righteous, which is far from being what was intended to be expressed.

A misapprehension of a word's meaning may sometimes be of little or no importance; as, for example, the *Piccolomini*, act ii. scene 4:

Wallenstein. This day thou hast bound
The father to thee, Max! The fortunate father!
And this debt Friedland's self must pay.

Max. My prince!
You made no common hurry to transfer it.
I come with shame. Yes, not without a pang!
For scarce have I arrived here, scarce delivered
The mother and the daughter to your arms,
But there is brought to me from your equity
A splendid richly plated hunting dress,
So to remunerate me for my trouble."

The present were certainly a strange one; however, the mistake involves no consequence of importance. The word which led to the error is "Zug," a team, which was taken for "Anzug," a suit of clothes. The lines should stand so:

"When from your stables there is brought to me
A team of four most richly harnessed horses."

"Yes, the Duke
Cares with a father's feeling for his troops,
But how the Emperor feels for us we see."

Coleridge's Piccolomini.

† Coleridge's *Piccolomini*.

‡ So wird aus deinem Marstall, reich geschirrt,
Ein prächt'ger Jagdzug mir von dir gebracht."

In Shelley's English version of the "Prologue in Heaven," from *Faust*, we have an instance of the wrong appreciation of a word, by which the real sense of an exquisitely beautiful passage is wholly lost. Mephistopheles, laughing at the scholar whose "food and drink are not of earth," and for whom all things "are vain, to calm the deep emotions of his breast," begs permission to try to lead him astray. This is granted him.

"The Lord. As long
As he shall live upon the earth, so long
Is nothing unto thee forbidden. Man
Must err till he has ceased to struggle."

A mere commonplace saying, very unlike the deep, sad truth of the original:

"Es irrt der Mensch so lang er strebt;"

meaning that, even in his aspirations and strivings after something higher, man is liable to err; that while pursuing "the glory and the dream," then, just then, he may lose himself and miss the right way. This observation of "The Lord" is most fitting after the sneering description of the mental state of Faust by Mephistopheles:

"In truth
He serves you in a fashion quite his own:
And the fool's meat and drink are not of earth.
His aspirations bear him on so far
That he is half aware of his own folly,
For he demands from heaven its fairest star,
And from the earth the highest joy it bears."

Here, by a misconception, we lose the utterance of a fine thought. In the following example, the words which in the original indicate so plainly the state of mind of the speaker lose their power in the translation. As it is the grand aim of the dramatist to delineate character, and, by a mere expression or the slightest hint, to shew what is going on in the mind, and thus display its unseen and even undescribed workings, too much care cannot be taken to pass over nothing which tends to this result. The words of Max Piccolomini to Questenberg, in act i. scene 4, do display the state of his feelings towards him. His father, surprised at his coldness, urges him to give Questenberg a more kindly reception, he being "an old friend" and "the envoy of his sovereign." But Max, suspecting his errand, mistrusts the man; and how well is that expressed by his cold greeting:

"Von Questenberg! you're welcome, if aught good
Has brought you to head quarters,"

implying clearly a doubt that any thing "good" had brought him there.† It does not strike us that such meaning is conveyed in the following:

"Von Questenberg!—Welcome, if you bring with you
Aught good to our head quarters;‡"

which is but a rude greeting to any one, implying much selfishness, but in no wise imparting to the reader the doubts as to Questenberg's uprightness which prevailed in the mind of Max.

Every language has its own peculiar interjectional expressions, and one only learns the meaning or unimportance attached to such by bearing their various application, and by frequent use. To endeavour to arrive at their meaning by literal translation would in most instances be vain. We have but to take our own "Good gracious!" or "Well to be sure!" as examples—the latter of which, if literally rendered, would probably puzzle the translator to adapt to the place where it was originally found. Such can only be learned properly by hearing them frequently from the lips of the native; and it is alone in the country where the language is spoken that the repeated opportunity is afforded. And yet, when at a loss, one is but too apt to endeavour to find out the sense by taking the meaning of the words separately, which generally confuses the more, and is sure to lead further astray. For example, *Wallenstein*, act i. scene 1. Butler has been appointed to a new regiment by Wallenstein, but his major-general's commission not having

• Shelley's translation.

† "Max. Von Questenberg! Willkommen, wenn was gutes
In's Hauptquartier Sie herführt."

‡ Coleridge's *Piccolomini*.

been yet signed by the Emperor, his promotion is not confirmed. His friends, less nice on such matters, and holding the power of the Emperor but cheap when opposed to their general's, bid him not care for such formality, but lay hold at once of what he has got.

"Butler. I am perplexed and doubtful whether or no I dare accept this your congratulation:
The Emperor has not yet confirmed th' appointment."

Isolani. Seize it, friend! Seize it! The hand which in that post

Placed you, is strong enough to keep you there,
Spite of the Emperor and his ministers.

Illo. Ay, if we would but so consider it!

If we would all of us consider it so!

The Emperor gives us nothing; from the Duke

Comes all—what'er we hope, what'er we have."

It is not to Isolani that Illo replies, but to the hesitations of Butler, saying, "If all of us were to be so very scrupulous† and nice as you are, we should never get on." In the above version, however, Illo's words refer to Isolani's assertion that Wallenstein can uphold his allies even against his sovereign's power, if he chooses, and express the wish that all would view the matter in the same light as Isolani does.

In every language, too, are certain expressions which serve at once to characterise the person or thing they are applied to, or the person by whom they are employed. By a superficial observer they are often overlooked, and if remarked at all, are deemed so insignificant as to be unworthy of further notice. The "usern Mann" of Illo (*Wallenstein*, act i. scene 1) is of this sort. "Yonder I see our worthy friend approaching,"‡ even were it said ironically, is not nearly so indicative of the speaker's disposition towards Questenberg as

"Here comes our man!"

Nor is the intentional cold reserve and distant formality of

"Sie fallen aus der Rolle, Herr Minister!"

implied by

"Max. Heh!—noble minister! you miss your part."

Here, as well as in the 2d scene,

"Illo. 'Tis not the first time, noble minister,
You have shewn our camp this honour—"

the words "noble minister," imply a courtesy which neither Max nor Illo have the least disposition to shew. Besides, such a word in the mouth of the man who but just before spoke of him so contemptuously as "this Questenberg" suits not the speaker. Both Max and Illo were too incensed against the Emperor and his envoy to offer the latter a jot more respect than they could possibly help, and too independent to pretend to do so; and we think the mere "sir minister," while more akin to the original, cannot be discarded as being un-English.

In the prologue to *Faust*, Mephistopheles, speaking of man—of course contemptuously—uses the word "wunderlich,"§—as we, in English, say, "a strange being," "an odd sort of personage." He is far from being lost in "wonder" at the freaks of "the little god o' the world," as would seem from the following passage:

"The little god o' the world keeps the same stamp,
As wonderful as on creation's day."||

Our version would be:

"The little god o' the world goes on in his old way,
As full of whims and freaks as on the primal day."

In the 4th act of *Wallenstein*, scene the banquet, —Illo and Terzky, anxious for the success of their scheme to entrap the Piccolomini, intend to ply them well with wine, and then get them to sign the paper. Illo, coming in from an inner banquetting-room, is asked, by Terzky, "How looks it at your table? I hope you ply your guests, and keep them at it?" To which Illo answers in a sort of slang, "They're fresh enough. I think we have them now:‡"

• Coleridge's *Piccolomini*.

† "Illo. Wenn wir alle
So gar bedenklich wollten seyn!"

‡ Coleridge's *Piccolomini*.

§ "Der kleine Gott der Welt bleibt stets von gleichem
Schlag,
Und ist so wunderbar als wie am ersten Tag."

|| Shelley.

which is very different to the meaning of the following:

Terzky. How looks it at your table? You forget not To keep them warm and stirring! Oh, quite cordial, *Illo.*

They are quite cordial in the scheme."¹ Here we see clearly that the "quite cordial in the scheme," was merely added to make the "cordial" of the preceding line intelligible; besides, the result proved the contrary of what was thus asserted.

ORIGINAL, AND CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE.

Dramatic Chapters.

CHATEAU XV.

SCENE—A wooded Ridge sloping to a wild Ravine—a rude Bridge spanning a rocky Chasm—two of the Gipsy-gang are seen crossing the Bridge—they come forward, *Brolson.* Thy scheme's o'er long—the briefer plan the better—

A dagger in his throat were quicker done, And quieter. Granting we seize the lad, What then? At every step there stands a bar: Take we the path thy project travels out— Detection is as certain as the act; And we may lock the gyves upon our wrists At once. Egad, I feel them now even with thy talk. *Riedill.* Fool, thou wert born at night, and thus thy brain

Is full of boggart shapes and nervous fears; I, who saw light one fine bright summer-morn, Am fearless, enterprising, strong, and bold; Belike too sanguine—'tis a better fault Than thine, of meeting trouble half the way.

B. If thou demur'st, why be it so, say I. But think, his death just doubles our reward. *R.* And Wolfbane too, how wilt thou manage him? *B.* Lord Kelford doubts this Wolfbane, and demands Our utmost secrecy, with prompt despatch. *R.* Secrecy with Wolfbane? with... ha! ha! ha! Were he against the murder of this youth, If thy quick hand were even at his throat, Thy knee upon his breast, thy dagger's point Uplifted for the blow—that Wolfbane's eye Would, like a spell, arrest it in mid-air, And fix thee powerless!

B. I defy his power! first for the deed, And next for the reward, which having fast, We'll put some thousand leagues between this wood And our abiding-place. What need we fear? *R.* Fear?

Fear his art, his spells. Laugh on, I care not! I too can laugh pretended power to scorn; But Wolfbane's no pretender: he has power! I've seen, ay, felt it shivering through my frame Until I stood like ice; no foot could stir, The ground and I were one, incorporate, Until he breathed upon each marble limb, And I stepped free!

B. Stand back, for here he comes. *R. (pale and trembling).* Who? Wolfbane?

B. No, 'tis that witch, old Midgley. And with her comes our prize—look to thy knife: Back... 'neath the trees!

So, we're in luck. *(They conceal themselves.)*

Enter MIDGLEY and ADOLPHUS. *A.* How drear and dismal bang these toppling cliffs, Haggard with age! It seems a place unblessed!

M. 'Tis scarce the spot for thy young eyes, my boy. They'd better love the free and open fields Than these o'erhanging, frowning precipices: There are as strange deformities in Nature, As many passionate and reckless features, As there be moods of mind: thy love is yet For Nature's mild, unwrinkled countenance— It suits the softer memories of thy youth.

But cheer thee: thine's a good brave heart, my boy, And most unlike thy proud unnatural father.

A. My father? You knew my father, then?

M. I've some remembrance of a lofty form—

A noble soldier whom they called my father;

But 'tis a dim, deceiving memory:

Sometimes I fancy I have dreamt it all.

You know my father? Oh, I'm glad to speak

With one that knew my father!

What is thy name?

M. Call me Midgley.

A. Midgley! it seems as in a dream I'd heard

That name before; yet is not all a dream?

This savage wild, these woods, thyself?

The wailing voices of the wind-lashed trees,

As though the storm had scourged them ruefully?

And these strange mutterings of mysterious things?

M. This wood is never silent; its great heart Beats with a thousand pulses; in the night

* Coleridge's *Piccolomini*.

† The passage in the original is:

Terzky. Wie sieht's an eurer Tafel aus? Ich hoffe, Ihr haltet eurer Gäste warm?

Illo.

Ganz kardial. Ich denk, wir haben sie."

'Twould make one think that spirits walked abroad, Such shapes and sounds startle the eye and ear. But of your father? Think you of him still?

A. There never passed the day I thought not of him: I love my father; but my heart ne'er beat,

My eyes ne'er filled with tears, my tongue ne'er faltered,

As when I thought of her, my poor, lost mother!

M. Dead! that, too, I know; weep for her loss!

A. Dost thou believe the dead can list our prayers;

That they, who loved us to their end of days,

Retain their sympathy with human love;

That, conscious of our tenderness, they watch

In angel-pity o'er us? Can it be

That our remembrance is yet dear to them?

Oh, blest persuasion! Oh, most sweet belief!

Angels of brightness, is there one indeed,

One of your heavenly host, who watcheth now,

With all a mother's tenderness of gaze,

To guard the pathway of her orphan child?

Oh, when, dear angel-mother, may I kneel

Beside thy humble grave, in humble hope

That still thou seest my love, and lovest me still?

M. I have wept more with thee, and for thee, boy,

Than e'er I sorrowed for my own hard griefs,

Or death of kin, where tears are natural.

If e'er thy mother watched, she watcheth now!

What age wert thou when she, thy mother, died?

'Tis fancy, boy; thou canst not recollect her!

A. Oh, yes, I do! Not recollect my mother?

I was not six, yet I remember her:

Though nothing in the room, nor frame, nor furniture,

Nor aught, only my mother! only my poor mother!

How pale she looked! I cannot call her features:

A pale and weeping face, and garbed in black;

So pale, I weep at its remembered paleness!

Oh, I bethink me well—how close she clasped me!

Again, and once again, how sad she spoke,

Till some one entered her dear memory,

And bore her weeping, shrieking, and imploring,

Where I ne'er saw her more!

And now she's dead! my poor, unhappy mother,

And left me with one only wish on earth,

Which I have prayed for daily, yet, and nightly;

It is to see her grave, to kneel upon it,

To say how much I loved, would have consoled her,

How still I cherish her dear memory,

And that I count the swiftly passing days

As steps upon the road which leads me to her!

M. I know thy mother's grave!

Now, wouldst thou to it?

A. Thou knowst it? thou? They said she died abroad,

Was buried none knew where; but let us go!

Thou'rt human? nothing evil? that would tempt my soul,

And make my love the bait for my perdition?

I am a boy, a poor neglected boy,

Wishing to be good, yet no one teaching me;

I know not where begins that sin we read of,

That sin against the Spirit, where it ends.

I may be jeopardising even now

That hope which is the lamp of my existence,

To reach my mother's sainted arms in heaven!

What art thou? thou hast a dark, unpardoned look,

Like one God hides his face against...

(Starts away, alarmed.)

M. I am going to thy mother's grave!

Wilt go?

A. Thou wilt not harm my soul?

M. But one besides myself can shew it thee,

And when we die

All knowledge of her burial-place dies too!

Thine eyes will never gaze with filial love

Upon that hallowed mould!

A. Hear me! I have mercy!

Oh, assist me, Heaven!

Angels, that hover round me in my dreams,

Be near me in my waking! Midgley, stay!

Take me! do what thou wilt!

Shew me my mother's grave!

(Exit ADOLPHUS.)

Re-enter BROLSON and RIVILL, cautiously and stealthily,

from under the brushwood.

B. Cast thy cloak thus round the old beldame's throat,

Strangle her first, then hurl her o'er yon rocks

Beyond the first; they have a dismal depth

No eye can penetrate. Leave him to me;

The lever hands the better for despatch;

I'll finish him, and quickly: hush! be firm!

(Exeunt warily.)

CHARLES SWAIN.

MUSIC.

THE CONTRAPUNTAL AND MUSICAL REVIEW.

On the Education necessary to a Musician.

THE subject we have selected is one which should find its way into every leading paper in this country; and especially at a time when there is so much talk and pretence about musical matters, productions, and performances. We will, therefore, first take a synoptical review of the present aspect of musical affairs and of British musicians. From the Queen to every wealthy subject of this realm, music forms the greatest and not the least expensive amusement; but whether its distinguished patrons do or do not uphold the noblest and most erudite

schools of music will be gleaned from the tenor of our observations.

There are now a sufficient number of teachers of music in this country to people, let us say, the Isle of Man; and we will suppose them, for a short time, migrated and settled down there. Now here is the Isle of Man peopled with musicians only, and we may examine their education and manners. What sort of learning have these musicians? Are they read in any one science—are their understandings enlarged and enlightened by polite literature—are they thoughtful as if gifted with a sort of "divine fire"—are their minds elevated and refined, noble and ingenuous? Again, are they classical musicians—do their works display great profundity of knowledge—are they pure harmonists and erudite contrapuntists—are they inspired melodists and original thinkers? Without stopping to answer these questions, which in fact answer themselves, let us ask what sort of manners would such islanders have, if deprived of these qualities? Could they boast of their intelligence and refinement—could they point (for example) to the Isle of Wight and say, "You nautical, unartistic, uninspired nobodies, you have no love for the liberal arts—you don't wear your hair parted in the middle, and hanging in well-brushed ringlets down to the shoulders, for the love of art; but we do—we spend all our lives and brains in such pursuits." But we will no longer deprive the Isle of Man even in imagination of its own inhabitants; for that beautiful spot seems already, by our transports and colonisation, to have lost all its pleasantness and poetry.

If, then, the picture be unexaggerated, what must be predicated of the patrons of such artists? Should it be said that our patrons sanction the prevailing mediocrity, and provide no measure to remedy the palpable neglect of the education of so many British subjects; that they countenance only musicians whose efforts tend more to gratify sensual pleasures than to evoke from their science and genius wholesome and even profitable enjoyment?

If there be *reason* in music, and if it have any influence over the passions of men, it is a stigma upon human nature to abuse and misdirect its power. Let us take, for example, the Italian Opera, and examine the class of music adapted to suit the present taste. Are the immortal operas of Mozart, Beethoven, Gluck, Cherubini, and one or two others, generally heard there; or are the mere *ballad operas* of composers with half their genius and education repeated *ad nauseam* within that noble edifice? How is it that men of rank, talent, and refined tastes, can relish in music what in other arts and sciences they would be ashamed to admire, if not to reprobate?

Is a mere rhymster considered a poet by men of learning? no; then why should a mere musical ballad-writer be considered a composer?

Under the patronage of the wise and great, music in this country could arrive at the highest pitch of perfection, which might be effected simply by strenuously encouraging classical music, and by discountenancing musicians who had not studied their science.

Mere practical musicians do deserve respect; but music being a science as well as an art, must be studied before it can be well understood. Those who devote their lives to composition, and those who are sound theorists, deserve a higher rank in the profession than mere practical musicians; and true patrons of the art ought to draw this line of distinction between them; for then generosity, frankness, and kindness, would take the place of the illiberality, intrigue, and disingenuousness, which are so destructive to artists and to art.

In order to make this article strike home, let us look at the first musicians of this country, and those, too, who are entrusted with high places, and receive the most distinguished support—where, or rather to whom, can we refer, even as an accomplished teacher and master of counterpoint!

In the works of W. S. Bennet (who may justly

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be ranked as one of our best English composers) we trace a want of musical education; a lack of ingenuity in the movement of his parts; an inability to produce novel sequences; and, moreover, the style he adopts is *not his own*, it is essentially Dr. Mendelssohn's; and great as he is, he is neither a Sebastian Bach, Handel, nor one of the great masters we have previously named.

We are far from being desirous to underrate British musicians; but pointing out the causes of their failure in the production of classical works may be the first step to their being able to achieve one. We hope, therefore, the true patrons of music will endeavour to impress on our musicians the necessity of studying closely the theory of music, and encourage them to bring forward works which shall display both learning and genius; but if sound education be neglected, England will never have a great school of music of her own.

Philharmonic Concerts.—The fifth, this week, was spirited and successful: Mendelssohn, Mozart, Hummel, Weber, Beethoven, Meyerbeer, and Cherubini, furnishing the selections. Of the preceding concert we did not speak at the time, our voice being lost on its way to the press. It was not, however, the echo to the general journalist applause. On the contrary, we held the performance of Beethoven's grand composition in D minor, expected with so much of hope from the beginning of the season, to be almost a failure. With two, or at most three, imperfect rehearsals, instead of twenty, it was impossible that this high strain of music could be performed as it ought to be to produce any thing like its just effect. The instrumentation was consequently imperfect, and the vocal parts yet more so. The attempt was worthy of a superior school than that to which we fear our national genius or cultivated taste have reached (see previous remarks on musical education)—the one for production, the other for appreciation. But certainly one of the curious errors in all such matters, above the range of ballad, is the exclusion of knowledge from opportunities of advising or assisting, whilst in all musical countries on the continent such advantages are eagerly sought and cultivated. With us the doors are thrown open to mere amateurs or partisans, whose good word (*i. e.* puffing) in society or newspapers is deemed equivalent popularity to the admiration of the learned and gifted. The system is radically bad.

Madame Pleyel's Morning Recital.—This celebrated pianist made her first appearance before a London audience on Monday, when the pieces were selections from the most difficult works of Hummel, Droyschek, Prudent, Thalberg, Schubert, and Liszt. The compositions of Liszt and Prudent were encored. Madame Pleyel is a performer much wanted, and one calculated to raise the taste and character of pianoforte playing; for she combines the wonderful with the poetic of the art. At one time she is highly touching, innocent, and sentimental, at another vigorous, mysterious, and sublime. She plays as if a perfect child of nature, who not only herself feels most acutely the power of music, but has the art of making others sympathise with her. The consequence is, that she is at least equal to the most versatile and inspiring performers of the present age. The crowded audience, which included first-rate artists, went away enchanted at what they had heard.

St. James's Theatre.—The Ethiopian singers continue to attract very full and fashionable audiences. Their singing in such perfect time, their oddities, and, above all, their earnestness, have deserved the success they have met with. The number of appeals to the public, encouraged by the popularity of strange adventures of so many kinds, offers a strange mixture of the really entertaining and the worthless charlatanism—but these are of the truly amusing. "Lucy Neale" is very touching; "Girls, come out to-night," very laughable; and the steam locomotive excursion carried off with railroad flurry and effect.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre.—On Tuesday, in the opera, It was no go With Mario;

in the ballet

It was no go With Cerito;

and so—there was a grand disturbance, to teach Mario not to be hoarse, nor Cerito sick. We hope it may cure them.

Haymarket.—On Saturday a new comedy, *Mr. Peter Piper*, was performed for the first time. The principal feature is the ludicrous intrigue of *Mr. Piper*, an old stockbroker, who carries on an affair of gallantry with his own wife, supposing her to be a ballet-dancer, by whom he has been smitten. The piece possesses considerable merit, but requires much pruning and revision to make it a favourite with the public. The dialogue is well sustained throughout, in spite of some of the allusions, which are far too broad for the decency and decorum which we rejoice to say, now regulate popular taste, and which we trust will be expunged, notwithstanding their apt introduction and suitability to the amusing incidents of the drama. The interest of the performance is kept up, particularly in the first and last acts; but in the second it flagged; and the Gretna-Green elopement was tamely endured by the audience. Farren was very effective as *Mr. Peter Piper*; and Mrs. Glover, as his wife, acted with her usual unrivalled point. Buckstone, too, was as amusing as ever in the part of *Facias*; indeed, the piece was ably acted throughout; but though the address to the audience at its close was well calculated to draw applause, the curtain fell, certainly amid some plaudits, but these by no means unmingled with disapprobation.

Princess's.—On Wednesday a new play called "historical" was produced at this theatre, written by Mr. Whyte, a Scottish gentleman well known in the Edinburgh circle of literature, and author of the published play, *The Earl of Gowrie*. We are sorry that, on the spur of the moment, we cannot lay our hand upon this piece; for our recollection of its merits is much in its favour, and we were struck by many of its poetical beauties. So much so, indeed, that if our memory serves us rightly, it has more of poetry to boast of than *The King of the Commons*, which has now reached the stage. It would, however, be very unfair to depreciate an author by a comparison with himself, or deteriorate from the public success of what has been, by measuring it with what has not been tried. *The King of the Commons* is an attractive title, not exactly borne out by the incidents of the play, though occasionally by the sentiments expressed by his Majesty; for the Commons with whom he really identifies his patriotic feelings and acts are a brigand reiver and a sworn priest. These are the parties (represented by Messrs. Cooper and Leigh Murray), with whom James V., the Haroun Alraschid of Scots tale, falls in on one of his adventures in disguise; and whose destinies form the under-plot of the drama. As for the upper-plot, it consists of little. The King discovers that *Sir Adam Weir* (Mr. Ryder) is the channel through which bribery is dispensed among his nobles to prove traitors to him and avert a war with England—is led wrongfully to mistrust one of them, his bosom friend, Lord Seton—and finally to unmask the conspirators and magnanimously pardon them. The play begins well. Macready, admirably costumed, introduces the gallant monarch gallantly to the audience; and the comic portion is also rather amusingly opened by Compton, as *Laird Small*, a very drivelling old gentleman, with an equally silly ass of a son, though a chamberlain at court, Mr. Oxberry. But as the business goes on, two fools in one family are found to be one too many; and the coxcombries of the chamberlain, prolonged beyond all patient endurance in the third act (the second being feeble throughout), would probably have finished the play with a less indulgent house. As it was, they put it in peril, and will, we trust, be reformed altogether

on the next performance. If, indeed, the play could be condensed into three acts (for we can guess of nothing to fill up the void of what ought to be expunged), it would contribute greatly to any run it may have on the stage, as well as to the reputation of Mr. Whyte. For in the first three acts, Macready has few opportunities to display his talents; and it is only in the last two that he comes out with all his powers, and embodies, as they arise with singular force and felicity, the agitation of the King, sorely distressed by the falling off of his nobles—of the Man disgusted by falsehood and corruption—of the Friend driven into an agony of wretchedness by the treachery of his boyhood's companion and most trusted counsellor—and of the jocose Gaberlunzie, fond of joke and frolic when restored to comparative ease of mind by finding *Seton* true, and the rest of his peers reclaimed to fidelity by their fright or his magnanimity. The scene with *Seton* was very fine, and would have been far more effective, but for the very lame and inanimate personation of that character. We could hardly enter into the strong emotions of James, when we saw that it was not the loss of a friend, but the loss of a stick, which caused all his agitation. But Macready here surmounts all obstacles; and his burst of overwhelming joy when *Seton's* defiance, instead of his compliance with *Lord Dacre's* secret attempt to seduce him is made manifest, shook the theatre with well-earned applause. His other best touch was in winning when *Sir Adam Weir* (not knowing him) tells him of the contemptuous way in which his poetry is spoken of: this was a nice bit. The part altogether may be described as more varied and melodramatic than belongs to the high walk of the tragic Muse: it is full of human passion, and the characteristic humour ascribed to James—a sort of royal *Rob Roy*; and every change in it is presented in a masterly style. We have with regret alluded to the poor abilities exhibited by some of the secondary performers, as a serious drawback upon the effect as a whole. Mr. Murray exerted himself in a creditable style; and Mrs. Stirling did the little assigned to her in a sensible and feeling manner, and very becoming dress. Mr. Cooper was also praiseworthy in the dresses, looks, and acting of the outlaw; and "farther this deponent sayeth not." With respect to "historical" truth, we are bound to question the regal power at the period to behead scores of earls and barons, like the grand Sultan of Turkey his satraps and emirs, without trial. Nevertheless, the last act, in which this despotism was threatened, went off with *clat*, and helped the play to its much-applauded conclusion. Mr. Macready was called for, and cheered with shouts of admiration; and, in consequence of a very absurd custom, some noisy persons persevered in bawling for the author, till this respectable individual was compelled to shew himself in the stage-box, and bow his (want of) thanks to these obstreperous and turbulent claqueurs of "the commons." We have only to repeat our opinion, that if it can be much and judiciously pruned, the play will probably run a fair career; if not, not.

Adelphi.—The *Memoirs of an Umbrella*, a dramatised version of Mr. Rodwell's novel, was produced on Monday last. Mr. *Quickly* returns to England under some strange delusions; his wife frail! his nephew dissolute! his attorney honest! In search of truth, he kills himself a little, and finds that he has been harbouring false impressions. Vice is punished—leniently; virtue is rewarded—largely. Amen! Then Mr. and Mrs. *Trevylyan*, Mrs. *Col. Seymour*, &c. contrive sundry underplots, very good, sometimes pathetic, but at best marplots. A striking feature in our minor drama is a want of a plausible tie between successive scenes, which, varied in character, diversified in their bearing, impede the comprehension of the spectator; *bother* him, as the Irish say, and worse than all, enfeeble greatly the interest raised by the actor, exacting fresh exertion and attention. When the actor has made the spectator acquainted with his character and designs

—always the critical part of a play—from that moment they ought to go together, undisturbed, through the various emotions awakened. This notice of a fault which is still more apparent in the dramatised version of a novel, is not meant in severe disparagement of this particular piece; with few incidents in it, sometimes the numerous situations are excellent, sometimes dramatic; often replete with rich humour, and constitute a cleverly conceived and well written melodrama. The acting was most efficient throughout a numerous and varied range of characters, and brought out two valuable importations from the Haymarket, and a new Irish comer, Mr. Ryan. Mr. Selby gave us a few truthful and really excellent touches of a London fop, finished, fine, and foolish, not grossly, but still a gentleman in his affectation. Mr. Wright was exuberant in his drollery, and shewed himself a clever actor. We criticise his will, not his powers, when we say that the actor occasionally forgets his assumed character; a rascally lawyer finding himself detected, ruined, and—a bitter pill to a lawyer—*duped* into the bargain, all in five minutes, would not, we take it, wear his habitual look of fun at that awkward moment. Mrs. E. Yarnold was most pathetic in her part, and Miss Woolgar as usual, perfectly at home in her—whatever it is.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

"DEEDS, AND NOT WORDS."

Oh, call back the thought, let it die on the tongue,
That would answer in anger the old or the young;
Though thy purpose be good, and thy passion be strong,
Will discord convince if you're right or you're wrong?
Let reason and truth be your motto through life,
And your path shall be free from its sorrow and strife;
For the maxim, I hold, that true honour affords,
Is, sincerity prove, and by deeds, but not words!

No matter how cheaply the service be bought,
Tis the act and the deed that with honour is fraught;
And the humblest attempt can more kindness display
Than all the fine promises words can convey.
If to preach were to practise, how easy 'twould be
To relieve all the wants and distress that we see;
But since that vain boasting no honour affords,
Your sincerity prove, and by deeds, but not words.

Leamington Spa. J. E. CARPENTER.

VARIETIES.

Two New Bishops.—We hear with great satisfaction of another splendid proof of individual solicitude for the spiritual welfare of our distant colonies. One person has come nobly forward to endow two new bishoprics—one for the Cape of Good Hope, and the other for South Australia; and the matter is in train for completion. When we reflect that each of these is to be settled with 1200*l.* per annum, it will be seen that a very large sum of money, probably above 40,000*l.*, must be sunk in order to accomplish this labour of Christian charity and love. It harmonises gratefully, too, with the Borneo missionary plan, the result of Mr. Brooke's extraordinary enterprise and Captain Keppel's publication.

Propagation of the Gospel in Borneo.—Since the appearance of Captain Keppel's most interesting narrative of the Expedition to Borneo, which contained extracts from the journal of Mr. James Brooke, of Sarawak (and of which the second edition is on the eve of appearing), considerable attention has been directed to the subject of the propagation of Christianity in Borneo and the Eastern Malayan Archipelago. It is somewhat remarkable that no Christian efforts have hitherto succeeded in these regions, but that failure may have arisen from the want of a resting place, which the establishment of a church, a mission-house, and school, at Sarawak, in accordance with the proposal of Mr. Brooke, is likely to supply. This praiseworthy attempt of an extraordinary individual to effect so great a good is entitled to the support of all who value the blessings of Christianity; and we are happy to perceive that it has been seconded in the proper spirit by the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London, who, besides contributing liberally to the funds, have consented to allow the establishment to be placed under their authority and direc-

tion. The subject has also called forth a powerful written pamphlet from the pen of the Rev. C. D. Brereton, who has taken up the subject in a praiseworthy spirit of enthusiasm; and has since his publication received a letter from the Bishop of Calcutta, expressing his approbation of the design, his admiration of Mr. Brooke's efforts, his determination to visit him on his return to India, and enclosing a handsome benefaction for the establishment of the institution. — *From the Cambridge Chronicle.*

Orthopaedic Hospital.—The full and fancy dress Ball, at Willis's Rooms on Thursday, in aid of the funds of this admirable institution, was well attended, and we trust, the immediate object of the entertainment attained—namely, means to extend the benefits of the charity by increased accommodation for in-patients. The applicants for relief far exceed the recipients, and it is only by enlarged or by more numerous receipts that the receivers of donations or subscriptions can add to the number of the received. We are fully aware of the many calls there are upon the purses of the charitable, but we know also the numbers who are ready and willing to give, could they but ascertain a deserving object. To such, and indeed to all who are alive to the often intense mental suffering of the deformed, or to the privations endured by hundreds to whom *ex pede Heracleum* would be a sarcasm, we strongly recommend the Orthopaedic Hospital.

University College Hospital.—The foundation stone of the north wing of this building (erected in 1833-4, and the south wing added in 1838) was laid on Wednesday, by Lord Brougham, with appropriate ceremonies, though only a quarter of an hour was spent on the occasion: no address being delivered, if we except, as such, a prayer for the success of the institution by the Bishop of Norwich. A commemoration dinner afterwards took place at the London Tavern, where, we need not say for the catering, the entertainment was of the most satisfactory description.

African Travels.—The *News* from Malta of the 14th notices the safe return of Mr. James Richardson from the interior of Africa, Fezzan, and Tripoli, having accomplished his perilous journey in a manner the most extraordinary and satisfactory by a new route. He traversed the country without arms to defend himself against the attacks of his enemies, or presents to conciliate the good opinion of the chiefs he visited. He has not, however, entirely accomplished the object he had in view on starting, owing to the wars which raged in different parts, occupied by different tribes, through which he would have had to pass.

Eastern Africa.—An Expedition is stated to be in contemplation to explore the eastern coast of Africa. Mr. J. S. Leigh, who speaks the Sawahili language, dialects of which prevail throughout the country, is mentioned as its leader; and the Sultan of Muscat is said to be favourable to an increased intercourse with England.

Natural History.—Mr. Hall, the ornithologist, has returned from Melbourne, whither he went on a professional trip per Spartan, bringing with him a number of specimens of natural history, including several of the ornithorhincus, as also a live Echidna, or native porcupine, which was lately caught near Cape Shank. This singular animal has been fed, since its capture, upon bread and water; and Mr. Hall is so fully convinced it will survive its change of diet, that he contemplates forwarding it to Europe. So rare is this animal, that the Zoological Society have offered one hundred guineas for a living specimen. It is a singular species of the burrowing Mammalia, and the characters are—the muzzle or bill very slender, terminated by a small mouth, with the tongue extensive, like those of the ant-eaters and pangolins; and the probability is, that, like those creatures, it feeds chiefly upon ants, and other creeping insects. They are without teeth in the jaws, which, instead, are terminated by horny mandibles; but in the palate they have numerous rows of little spines.

Their feet are very short, and each furnished with five claws, very long, strong, and well adapted for digging. The whole upper part of the body is covered with spines, bearing some resemblance to those of the hedgehog; and when they are apprehensive of danger, and unable to escape from it by burrowing, they can erect their spines, and roll themselves in a ball, like the hedgehog. These spines are not their entire covering, but are mixed with hairs; and on the lower part of the body there are hairs of a spinous form, which are tubular, and tapering to the points. Their shoulders are so formed as that the feet can work something after the fashion of the wings of birds; and the articulations of the shoulders are kept apart anteriorly by a sort of furcal bone. In this respect their shoulders have a resemblance both to the lizard tribe, and to the smaller mammalia which burrow in the ground. — *South Australian Register*, Oct. 22.

The *Mormons of Nauvoo* are stated to have left that place in a body to proceed to California, where they will form a new settlement.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

On Disorders of the Cerebral Circulation, &c., by Geo. Burrows, M.D., 8vo, with coloured plates, 10*s.* 6*d.* cloth.—The Jesuits, by M.M. Michelet and Quinet, translated from the 7th ed. by C. Cocks, post 8vo, 1*s.* 6*d.* sewed.—Sermons on the Book of Psalms, abridged from Eminent Divines, by the Rev. J. R. Pittman, 8vo, 1*s.* 4*d.*—Black Prince: a Tragedy, by Sir C. Lindsay, Bart., 4*s.*—Odes of Horace, Book 3, literally translated into English Verse by H. G. Robinson, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Notes and Recollections of a Professional Life, by the late W. Fergusson, M.D., 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Exercises on Arithmetic and Natural Philosophy, by T. Tate, 12mo, 1*s.* 6*d.*—Pictures from Italy, by Charles Dickens, fcp. 6*s.*—The Bansom: a Novel, by L. Jewry, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*—Captain O'Sullivan: or, Adventures of a Gentleman on Half-Pay, 3 v. post 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*—Treatise on Railway Surveying, by J. Quested, 8vo, 5*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. Hugh Stowell on Tractarianism, Vol. II, 12mo, 6*s.*—The Priestess, post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Bopp's Comparative Grammar, Vol. II, 8vo, 2*l.*—Llewelyn's Heir: or, Manners and Customs of North Wales, 3 vols. post 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*—Christmas's Glendearg Cottage: a Tale, fcp. 3*s.*—History of the Punjab, 3 vols. post 8vo, 2*l.*—Sylb Lennard: a Novel, by Mrs. Gray, 3 vols. 8vo, 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.*—Mrs. Markham's Sermons for Children, new edit. 12mo, 3*s.*—The Martyrs of Science, by Sir D. Brewster, 2d edit. fcp. 4*s.* 6*d.*—Ephesus; or, the Church's Precedent, by the Rev. P. Fountaine, 12mo, 4*s.* 6*d.*—The Church of Christ and Apostolical Succession, by W. A. Garral, post 8vo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—An Appeal against Beer-Houses, by the Rev. J. T. Stoddart, 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Prof. Wilson's Continuation of Mills's India, Vol. II, 8vo, 1*s.*—Munier's Elevation of the People: Moral, Social, &c., 8vo, 10*s.* 6*d.*—Manual of Operative Surgery, by J. F. Malgaigne, translated, 12mo, 12*s.* 6*d.*—Rev. Dr. Oliver's Account of Religious Houses on the East of the River Witham, 12mo, 4*s.*—Village Tales from the Black Forest, by B. Auerbach, translated from the German, 2*s.* 6*d.*—Letters on Puritanism and Nonconformity, by Sir J. B. Williams, 2d Series, 12mo, 4*s.*—Rev. T. C. Caughey's Letters on Various Subjects, Vol. III, 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Outlines of Naval Surgery, by J. Wilson, fcp. 3*s.* 6*d.*—Elements of Greek Language, by Prof. Dunbar, 2d edit. 12mo, 3*s.* 6*d.*—Dr. Watt's Guide to Prayer, 16mo, 3*s.*—J. Aldis's Six Lectures on Christian Union, 12mo, 2*s.* 6*d.*—St. Paul's Epistles to Thessalonians, Timothy, &c., explained, by J. B., 12mo, 4*s.*—Israel's Sins and Israel's Hopes, 12mo, 6*s.*—Female Characters of Holy Writ, 2d Series, 12mo, 7*s.* 6*d.*—Benighted Traveller, and other Poems, by E. F. Hughes, 12mo, 3*s.*

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Geographical Society.—We defer the Report which we are supplied of the proceedings at the general meeting. The introduction of personal resentments and animosities, and charges arising out of such feelings, are painful to deal with; and if we may believe they were sufficiently put down by the sense of the meeting on this occasion, we should be inclined to disturb them no farther. Officials who have been displaced make but sorry reformers.

DUKINFIELD SIGILLARIA.

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

Manchester, May 19th, 1846.
Sir,—In the last No. of your valuable journal is a short notice of a paper read before the Geological Society on the 23d of April last on this specimen, in which my name appears. Your report states, that "the roots which resembled *Stigmara* were apparently connected with a stem believed to be true *Sigillaria*." This mode of expression is calculated to throw considerable doubt where none exists. The roots of the Dukinfield fossil are beyond all question true *Stigmara*; and the stem is undoubtedly that of a *Sigillaria*, as proved by the St. Helen's fossil—some time ago. Apologising for troubling you herewith, I remain, &c.

EDW. WM. BIRNEY.

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